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"FOR THE NIGHT COMETH."

BY DEATHIE M. THAYNE.

Work while daylight lingers,  
Before comes the night,  
Ere the rosy fingers  
Of the sunset light  
Paint the skies with glory,  
And the golden day,  
Like some finished story,  
Softly dies away.

Morn in glowing beauty  
Came across the lea,  
Bearing many a duty,  
O my soul, to thee.

Hast thou bravely taken  
Up thy work to-day?  
Or hast thou forsaken  
Duty, and in play  
Seeking after pleasure,  
Spent the jewel hours  
As if life were leisure—  
But a path through flowers?

Yet I must not ponder  
O'er the vanished past;  
Memory shall wander  
Only through its vast,  
Dim-its aisles; but ever  
Through my future hours  
Bravely I'll endeavor,  
With my utmost powers,  
To take up each duty,  
Lying in my way,—  
Thus in strength and beauty,  
Growing day by day.

Father, kindly point me  
To each duty still;  
With Thy grace anoint me  
For Thy righteous will;  
Then, when daylight fadeseth  
From my earthly skies,  
When the twilight shades  
All from my dim eyes,  
Then through Jesus' favor—  
He who died for me—  
Loving, blessed Saviour,  
Take me home to Thee!  
Home! what sweet caressing  
To the sound is given,  
In its music blessing,  
Love, and rest, and heaven.

FEATHERS FROM A FLYING WING.

BY GILBERT HAYEN.

UP THE TENNESSEE MOUNTAINS.

We go hither and thither in our blindness,  
On that cross road where we left you last week.  
The rain lays itself out on us, in its most apparel style. Mud and water meet near the hubs of the vehicle, and hopes of getting to Brother Stammer's grow dim with the dim-glowing day. We inquire of a Mr. Frazier and get directions, but decline, from the lane-like look, untraveled and ridgy, of the path, to believe and accept the first direction. We get into a river bottom, and draw rein at a fierce-rushing stream. We dare not cross it. A shanty like on the hither bank. So my driver sits in his chariot, and I get on a log and essay the ford. The water is high on the other side. A few stepping-blocks are there, and then only the fence remains to give a foothold. It is a "Virginny" fence, not of the toughest, and as I creep along its trembling bars, I can easily imagine it getting tired of its burden and depositing it softly in the mud and water below. But it carries me safe over, and so I speak well of that bridge. The occupant of the cabin tells us we're off the road. We must go back and for a branch not far off, and then, by taking that course (pointing across the clearing), we shall reach Mr. Stammer's. Back I go, "cooning the fence," as my brother calls it; a new phrase to me, as was the experience new. The horse and buggy soon get to the branch. It is running calmer than the noisy brook it enters, but it looks uglier. Big limbs hang over it, and it has a quiet, soft way, like a first-class monster. How deep its mud is, after you reach it, and how deep that cat-like water is before you reach the mud, who knows? Nobody is near; rain is falling, night approaching. The venture must be made. Sticks thrown in are suggestive of a treacherous bottom, yet here goes! The plunge is made. The horse is off

his feet, almost; the carriage swims, almost. Water comes up to seat, and we are caught in a bit of trap. A whip, a cry, a pull, and the feet and wheels hold their own, and we come up from the swellings of this petty Jordan with nothing spoiled, save a few pages of my brother's sermon. As I have long since forgotten to carry notes, and as I got my valise into a higher resting-place than I could hit, packed as the latter was beneath our seat, my papers, not having any, did not get touched. The rest of us were well wet, except our seat, and we learned by a brief, but sufficient experience, the way giving name to the end, why the place to which we were going was called Ducktown.

Over this branch, which ordinarily, probably, a boy could wade, and perhaps was dry, we pushed forward into woods, lost our way again, took a path that after a while we saw was going down to the dreaded river, pulled wagon round in the narrow, wiry way, pushed into woods again, and after wandering hither and thither, like the babes of old, the darkness deepening, and our prospect of spending the night amid these wet forests increasing, we emerged at a farm-house, and found ourselves next door to Brother Stammer's, though half a mile away. The welcome gate and yard and veranda, and fire were soon reached, and all night, under the hospitable roof, we heard the rain-fall, and debated, in our waking moments, whether we should make Ducktown on the morrow.

The morning broke at the Stammer homestead, wet and lowery. It was a debated question—shall we go up or down? Two fords lay close about us, too deep, it was thought, for passing. "The ford is past passing," they say, in such circumstances. The great river beyond was impassable in that shape, and a four miles' bend must be traversed to a ferry. Greaser Creek, beyond it, was "past fording," they were sure. We should be two days on the trip, if we undertook it. But the wind was pushing the clouds along; that looked favorable. Not "shepherding the unwilling clouds," as Mr. Shelley puts it, except that sort of shepherding that the shepherd's dog may do, barking at them, and making them hurry-scurry to their distant folds in the far north. So we decided to stick to our purpose, and to venture on. The fords are made with difficulty, yet without danger; the road to the ferry is traversed, lopsided, muddy, brooky, quagmy, hilly, and everything but straight and smooth. The day brightens, the river is reached and ferried, and the road to Ducktown is at last struck; for, practically, all this is preliminary. It may lead to several places. Now we strike the only line that goes there, and that goes only there. The road winds up the banks of the broad and rushing river, called Okera or Tokera, up the base of tall green mountains, for the most part.

Two miles above the ferry is the farm of Brother Mitchell, one of Methodist preachers. He is not at home, and so these Methodist preachers pulled two miles still farther on, and up to the Midway House, where fried chicken and coffee, and a bit of sleep and rest, under the veranda, by the rushing river, give them refreshment for the long pull ahead. The old black, after his long pull behind, deserves still more his rest and refreshment. Fifteen miles is all we have made of the real distance, and twenty-two hours have been devoted to it, ten of which have been spent on the road. A mile and a half an hour is surely slow enough to suit the most radical of conservatives.

It is one and half of the clock when we leave the Midway House for our perch up the mountains. Fifteen of the miles above us are without house or inhabitant. The famous Greaser Creek is crossed ere we are aware, a pure, bright stream, as falsely named as a baby if called Beelzebub; the only "bub" that may be truly classed as an unjustified and unregenerate state. The great stream backs its muddy swirls upon its pellucid water, and tries to soil it, as the great world seeks to soil the blue clarity of a youthful nature. It fails of success. Would that the bigger world-river did also! The creek repels the river, or rather maintains its sweetness without conscious repulsion, and the mad and muddy mass goes whirling downwards to its death.

Now comes the sweet and solitary road. The hills, high and woody, close in upon the river, which flies fiercely between their still green walls. In their grand calm they look like

"Love watching madness with unalterable mien."

The cliffs open their sides, at times, into rocky depths, down which come tumbling or trickling the cascades and rivulets, made full and noisy by the long rains. Flowers of all styles, from the daisy to laurel, glimmer among the shadows, the last glowing in pink, or pale as Desdemona's face. Seldom have they looked lovelier, though beheld in the hollows of Mexican ravines, and amid the beauties of Italy and the

East. The Yankee laurel of Tennessee is equal of any of her sisters anywhere. Blackberries hang ripe in occasional sunny openings, and the horse rests while the riders fill their fingers with the thorns, and their mouths with the fruit. You who have hardly seen them green yet, much less red and ripe to blackness—the perfection of color in some berries and some men—may well envy us picking this luscious fruit two thousand feet above the sea, in this delightful June sun. See what it is to live in the South!

After five hours of this shaded and perfect ride, over an admirable road-way, for the most part, we emerge with the setting day upon the open, I cannot say level, landscape, whither we are bound. The hills sink down, or stay behind us, rather, as we pull by farms with corn well advanced, and wheat reaped and bundled, up a tiresome, twisted, and lopsided road (sorry I have no other adjective to describe that very common road of the South) to the seat we seek. The horse owns beat, and it looks, once and again, as though the old man's fate in respect to his ass would be ours, and we should have to carry the horse, which has carried us so far and so long. If they could only talk, would they not claim such privilege? He gets on, however, and on a not distant hill-top we see a white school-house. Farther on, and higher up (highest up, as it looks to our up-looking eyes), is another white structure, with tiny steeple. (You can spell this *tiny*, if you will, for both of these it was.) That is the beacon of our hopes, we are sure. Boys spring out of bushes at our side. "What place is this?" we ask. "Buzzard's Roost," they about back. "What's that up there?" "Hiawasse," they exclaim, and rush off laughing. No "Ducktown" here, after all, we think. A rod or two farther on, and a man informs us that all this is Ducktown, and yonder church is ours, and near it the parsonage. A man steps out from the next cottage and hails us, and we are at home. He is an official, Brother Jeffery, and directs us to our abiding place. A few more pulls of the patient old black (how like the humans of his color here, who have dragged the whites as he us, these centuries), and we are under the vine-covered porch and path, in the shaded, airy hall and rooms of Brother Spargo. Being an Englishman, we knew we should have good tea, and we did. A delightful supper it was, and sweet was our rest on that heaven-kissing hill. So rest you also.

EXHORTERS,

THEIR PROPER MISSION AND POSSIBLE USEFULNESS.

BY REV. JAMES FORTER, D. D.

"To exhort," says Webster, "is to incite and encourage, by words or advice; to animate or urge by arguments, as to a good deed or any laudable conduct or course of action; to advise, warn, caution."

The office of exhorter in Methodism was established in England for the double purpose of suppressing some over-zealous people, who, it was thought, ought not to speak in public, and bring out others who might do so to the profit of many, but were too timid and modest to attempt it without special encouragement. Hence the order of 1784: "Let none preach or exhort in any of our societies without a vote of permission from the assistant (Emory's History of Discipline, p. 151). As a suppressing measure it has had little effect in this country, the prevailing sentiment of our people being favorable to free speech; but it has undoubtedly been useful in the other direction,—it has encouraged and developed many young men into powerful speakers.

But for certain reasons it has been declining in power and usefulness for many years, until some begin to question the propriety of retaining it as a distinct office. Indeed, it has been lately proposed in the General Conference to amend the Discipline by abolishing it. But it seems to us a wiser course to magnify it:—

1. Because we have much less real exhortation in our social meetings now than formerly, and they are suffering for the want of it. Few, if any, being especially charged with this work, no one feels particularly responsible for it, and it is not done. If any have a mind for it, they are afraid of being thought obtrusive, or imagine that others might do it better, and, therefore, maintain silence. Were they to be licensed by the Quarterly Conference, it would encourage them, and they would seek to prepare themselves to do it with effect.

2. Because exhortation in the pulpit has largely declined. Jesus preached many things to the people in his exhortation (Luke iii, 18). Paul gave the people of Macedonia "much exhortation" (Acts xx, 2). So our fathers preached with powerful and pure exhortation, urging their hearers

to immediate faith and action. But how little we hear of this now in ordinary sermons! The great object of most preachers seems to be to instruct the people and defend the Gospel, as though that will save without bringing it home to their hearts. This alarming change in our style of preaching creates a vast demand for exhorters. It is this dearth of exhortation in the pulpit that gives pious praying-bands and private individuals such popularity and crowds of hearers. And instead of blaming them, we ought to rejoice that God has put it into their hearts to go forth and stir up the people to prayer. Preaching is too often the product of the head; exhortation is the outgushing of the heart. The aim of the former is to teach, that of the latter to impress and urge to action. The preacher explains, the exhorter cries aloud and entreats. Many are anxious to educate preachers, but who tries to help exhorters. The Church, we think, is suffering more to-day for the want of social power than for intellectual culture.

3. Another reason for maintaining the office is that there is ample room for its exercise outside of our Church lines. Hundreds and thousands of outlying villages and towns seldom hear the Gospel. The people are poor, and are not in condition to make a fair appearance at church, and have nowhere to sit were they to go. Let a couple of earnest, devout exhorters go and start a meeting among them, and they will attract attention, command respect, and get an invitation to come again. Then, there are many places where we ought to establish a Church, and could do it easily enough with three or four exhorters from the surrounding towns. A little engineering in this direction by the pastors and Presiding Elders would put Methodism on the aggressive again, and restore its power.

4. The office is necessary, also, as a means of training our young men for usefulness. It is one of the great questions of the day how we shall retain them in the Church. Our answer is, give them something to do. Train them to work for God. License the best of them, and make them responsible for sustaining little meetings in private dwellings, school-houses, groves, and they will take care of the others. This will be likely to set them to reading, thinking, praying and living near to God, that they may acquire themselves well, and win souls to Christ. This is the way many of our older preachers graduated to the ministry. They were not made, they grew from very small beginnings by exhortation and prayer, to men of might. And we have thousands of young men now, who might excel them under similar training, because they are better educated, and have many facilities for improvement the fathers never enjoyed.

The writer cannot forget his first lessons in this strange schooling. Being happily converted, he was asked to speak in class, which taxed his courage beyond measure. Then he was invited to pray in a social gathering; afterward to lead a part of the class, then the whole, all of which he did with closed eyes from sheer fear and with much trembling. A few months later he was invited to a neighboring town to conduct a prayer-meeting on Sunday, which seemed a vast undertaking, and drove him to prayer. It cost him an awful struggle. He was like a young bird crowded from its loved nest, and was obliged to fly or fall. But it did him good.

This is the training our young men need to-day, to keep them from sin, and give them spiritual power. And our exhorter's license is a capital means of securing it. Church yeumens and other associations for oratorical reading, speaking, etc., are miserable substitutes for the licenses in every sense. They tend to fashionable worldliness and consequent spiritual death, and often hinder more than they help their members, or the Church itself. Personal improvement, the offensive object of these appliances, is more likely to be acquired by direct personal effort to win souls to Christ.

Some seem to have the impression that this license is designed for those only who are intending to become preachers; but this is a mistake. Many have held it for years who never will preach, and some who have advanced to the ministry, had better have remained exhorters. God made them for that work, and they would have been more useful and better satisfied had they continued in it. If each pastor would train a class of exhorters, male and female, to help him in the prayer-meetings, not to the exclusion of others, and then give them time to speak, it would send new life through our Church.

5. This office is also important in order to insure an official leader for regular social meetings in the absence of the pastor. Who is to take charge in such a case? Do you answer, the official members? Which one of them? Each has his respective duties, and several may be competent to conduct

the service, but they have no authority. One of them, at least, ought to have an exhorter's license for this purpose, if for no other. It would save the loss of much time, as the reader can readily see, by advertising to his own unpleasant experience in waiting for some one to "open the meeting."

DR. MCCLINTOCK.

BY MRS. MARY S. ROBINSON.

Dr. Crooks' biography of Dr. McClintock is, in some respects, the best Methodist book of the kind that ever came to my hand. It is the only classic, that I now recall, in this department of our literature. Stevens' Life of Nathan Bangs is valuable as exhibiting a phase of the pioneer period of the denomination; Tyerman's Wesley is ample and careful in detail, and very well written; yet neither of these possess in their subject the freshness, the particular charm and nearness, that render the life of our foremost scholar delightful to American readers of the present time. And more,—it is, peradventure, somewhat heterodox to write it,—I confess to a feeling that with all the fame and goodness of Wesley, and the sturdy heroism of Bangs, the inherent winsomeness of McClintock's character, the combining of extraordinary endowments and attainments with every Christian grace, and added to these, that individual essence, that tone of spirit, not to be formulated in words nor sounded in music, but ever more effective in direct power than any component part of a man's character,—these form for him a certain prerogative of favor over those, his predecessors. Be that as it may, he is endeared to his contemporaries in very close bonds of the household of faith. He was as an elder brother among us, over whose signal capacities we marveled, and whom we could not help loving—for the most natural and persuasive reason—because he loved us with the fraternal affection of a great and generous heart.

As I recall the salient events of his career, I am led to think that every turning-point in it was made and directed by a motive power of affection. From the outset, it was his heart that led him onward from one decision, one achievement, to another. His filial tenderness directed the activities of his early manhood. His earnest love to God, evoked by an early religious experience, directed his choice to a self-denying ministry, for such it was to his anticipation; and this, to the restriction of his ambition for honor in any secular profession, wherein, with his talents and capacity for work, he could assuredly have won distinction. As a teacher he had the gift of imparting knowledge, and a temperament of enthusiasm. But here, too, the secret of his power lay in what he terms his "daylight of heart." Without assuming to be a disciplinarian in the ordinary sense of the word, complaining sometimes at himself on account of certain defects that impaired his fitness, as he thought, for the leadership of young men, he held, nevertheless, an absolute sway over them by the wisdom of an all inclusive affection. No stronger test of this heart-power upon his students is needed, than their support of him, their immediate rallying around him, after his memorable encounter with the Slave Power at Carlisle in 1847. In the first hours of confusion and angry tumult, cries for "McClintock, the abolitionist," rang over the campus. But when he appeared among his pupils, his perfectly sincere and guileless face, his gentle manners, his unaltered mien, silenced their clamors at once. He talked with them as he "talked" everywhere. Even in the pulpit he never preached; he simply discoursed; for his dignity and his gift of oratory lay less in words of man's devising than in his manly but gentle heart. The cadence of his voice, the fitness of his speech, drew his ardent young Southerners and Middle States men to him without exception. They closed round him like a body-guard, and held to their allegiance in good faith. Not one of them would listen to a suggestion made later that he should take another field of labor. "Incendiary" as he called himself, he was their beloved master. His power of loving had overcome the hardest things to be overcome—persistent convictions rooted in ardent young minds by social and civic training. It is a fact to be remembered, too, that in this crisis of Dr. McClintock's life, he underwent a judicial trial with the negroes he had defended. The indictment of the prosecution placed his honored name first on the list of those charged with instigating a riot, and with aiding and abetting a murder. The other names were those of negroes solely. Few of the anti-slavery men who pleaded the cause of the oppressed, in past years, "beholding the tears of those who had no comfort," attained to an honor like this—an honor of enduring ignominy with the objects of their solicitude. Here, as everywhere throughout his life, his heart led the way to excellence and

honor, and had I the space, I could trace this initiative, affectionate impulse, in his editorship of the *Quarterly*, his ministry at the American Chapel in Paris, his remarkable exertions abroad for his "dear country," his pastorate at St. Paul's, and his labors as a cyclopedist. Truly he was a disseminator of sweetness and light, not after the manner of a pensive contemplator of human misery, but after Christ, in whose light he saw light.

Dr. McClintock's unworldliness was a striking trait in a man of society and of affairs, such as he was pre-eminently. He enjoyed richly the good gifts of existence. Like his contemporary, Chevalier Bunsen, a child-like freshness of spirit, implying capacity for enjoyment, was his prerogative by right of nature. He enjoyed the delicacies of the table, the adornments of an artistically arranged home, a comfortable equipage, engravings, paintings, music—whatever ministers to fineness and nobility of mind. If, when on his German travels, he was offered the "Napoleon apartment," he occupied it with much satisfaction. If a duchess wanted his quarters, or a king treasured upon his privileges at a hotel, he grumbled in his never ill-natured manner, and ended by amicably hob-nobbing with them. More significant interviews he had from time to time with statesmen, emperors, presidents, yet he never failed to demean himself simply as a minister of the Gospel of Christ the Lord. Like Joseph in the Egyptian palace, and Daniel at the court of the great king, he was unworried, though occupied with momentous business of public or national welfare. When some overtures were made toward appointing him ambassador to the French court, he met them by replying, "I would rather retain my commission as minister of the Gospel than go as ambassador to any empire on the earth."

I shall long remember an evening spent with him shortly before he removed from the parsonage of St. Paul's. His accurate criticisms on a portfolio of photographs that he turned for his guests, stopping occasionally to tell a legend of castle or cathedral, his magnetic listening to the music played—a listening that was felt by every one in the room—a listening that evoked whatever emotion the theme betokened from the spirit through the fingers of the player—and his genial and discriminating thanks,—these and other reminiscences have returned to me vividly, since they were quickened by his departure from us. The converse was interrupted by the announcement of a poor man waiting to see our host in the entry; whereas he immediately excused himself, as if called from us by an act of duty. The applicant was an artist, of whose integrity Dr. McClintock had satisfied himself; and when he returned, he repeated the sad story of destitution and illness, known well enough to all of us, in one form or another, although we do not all of us give the subjects of it the last money in our pocket-books, as the Doctor did his five dollar bill. He also showed us a well-executed painting left by his "friend"—if, peradventure, a buyer might be found for it—winning our interest by pointing out its merits with discrimination. The next day, a generous friend in Brooklyn to whom I had spoken of the affair, gave me a considerable sum for the artist, and desired the painting should be sent him for examination. When I gave the money to the Doctor, he could not be profuse enough with acknowledgments. "Pray thank S— again and again for me. How happy you have made me!" Me, not the artist, was his spontaneous thought; for with him the interests of his fellows were absolutely equal with his own. Nay, I used to think that, uplifted as his ardent spirit often was by an enthusiasm of unselfishness, he held them greater than his own.

One can find no serious fault with the engraving, the frontispiece of Dr. Crooks' biography; yet it must be admitted that the face it represents could never be adequately copied. At least, none but a painter of genius could have detained the elastic spirit, the buoyancy of temperament, that rendered his countenance continually mobile, and charming in every changeable phase. His strikingly spherical brow, his fine, grayish, scholar's hair, clinging in sparse locks behind his head, so to speak—for the head itself was pushed forward, and lay for the most part, a horizontally inclined dome in front of the ears—his mouth, delicate, boyish in contour to the last, some thought or feeling playing continually upon the lips, his finely curved cheek and chin, all instinct with light, warmth, electric force, blended with an air of gentle gaiety, of geniality and sympathy, of child-likeness, and wisdom, and unconscious dignity, as he stood, one could comprehend all that he was briefly, within a few minutes—scholar, *litterateur*, cyclopedist, man of affairs, diplomatist, minister of the Gospel.

It was said of Bunsen that it was im-

possible to be long in his presence without an impression of his high valuation of humanity. Regard for the race was apparently the controlling principle of his mind. Dr. McClintock also conveyed this rare impression. But in his presence one felt even more strongly the actuality of Christian truth; the fact of the Gospel as set forth in a complex and elevated character, and in a personal life of extraordinary activities—a life absorbed in affairs social, literary, ecclesiastical and civic. In truth, he was a modern and modified Saint Bernard; uncanonized, indeed, and never assuming or knowing that he was a saint. Like his mediæval prototype, he stood before kings and counselors of the earth, and wrought upon their hearts. Like him, too, he neglected no service however humble to souls however lowly; for to his single eye, these obscure offices were the most sacred of his calling as a servant of Christ.

ITALY AT THE EXPOSITION.

BY MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

Italy has sought to bestow upon the Exposition something from almost every province, and she begins with a remarkably fine collection of photographs from Venice. They show us all the principal buildings, the Rialto, and the Bridge of Sighs that passes "from the palace to the prison." Fine photographs of the dual palace and the old Cathedral of St. Mark are shown, with a pale blue spectral light upon them. The attendant said, "These pictures were made by the light of the moon."

While I was trying to "see it," a sweet-faced, gray-haired old lady came and stood at my side. She looked at the facade of St. Mark's and placidly remarked that it made her think "of our church." I inquired what "our church" might be, and she told me. Nothing could be plainer and uglier than the edifice named, but it was a church, and so was San Marco, and that one association for her was enough. Suddenly she broke out, as her eyes fell upon a picture of the Bridge of Sighs, with, "Why, I've seen that! That's in Billy's jography!"

Growing interested, I inquired, "And who is Billy, pray?"

"Billy? Why, he's my darter's only son, and as bright a ten year old as there is in Pennsylvania. He's very fond of jography, and his teacher put a map of his'n into the school department. He drew it as easy as I could draw a pail or water, and he makes horses and dogs and pictures as natural as teethin'."

Just here her eye fell upon the famous megalithoscope, which shows the enclosed picture nearly as large as reality. It requires one to stand as a photographer stands behind his camera, and the dear old lady mistook it for one, and accosted a gentleman who was stooping to gaze at the picture of the Pompeian street exhibited within, with, "How much would you charge to take me without my spectacles?"

The gentleman started up surprised, and she explained: "Nancy, that's my darter, she'd be so pleased if I brought a picture home. She's been in a takin' long time to get one, but I tell her I'm too old to set. But a body ought to celebrate some way that gets in here and stays all day, and I don't believe I shall ever find it handier than to-day."

A few words of explanation satisfied her that the instrument was not for the purpose of taking photographs. "I might a knowed it myself, if I'd had a bit er gunption. Of course they wouldn't allow any man to set up shop right here in the midst of all these shows."

About the good soul clung such a familiar flavor of Yankeeedom as let me know she had seen the New Hampshire hills in her far-away girlhood, and I could cheerfully have stayed near her to have listened to her quaint talk, had she not started off to look again at "Billy's map."

"The other things are nice to see," she said, "but somehow I take a kind of comfort in lookin' once in a while at that map." So to the dear old soul all the world's progress was of little consequence. All of her heart and most of her mind were with "Nancy and Nancy's boy."

Strolling one day through the Japanese department among works of art of so high an order that our civilization hardly attempts to copy, a boy asked of his mother, "Ma, who are the Japs, anyway?" "The Japs? Why, the Japs—they are the heathen! Don't you know the heathen you send your pennies to in the Sunday-school? Well, they must be the Japanese!"

One has only to drop other objects of interest and watch the people to be provided with an unending fund of entertainment. But we can have people anywhere and any day; not every day can we have spread out for our study such beautiful things as Italy shows in her varied departments.



## MISCELLANEOUS.

CHRISTIAN ENTERPRISE: ITS  
FIELDS AND REWARDS.

BY MISS ANNA OLIVER.

The great need of the world is Christ. What Jesus wants is the masses. There never was a day that called for more earnest Christian effort than the present. There never was a day when such effort was more encouraging. In the early centuries a whole world was to be converted by a mere handful of disciples; now the Cross is in every land. A period of ignorance intervened, fully called the Dark Ages, but events hasten in these later years. The Bible is read to-day in two hundred and ten different languages; Russia has emancipated her millions of serfs; Turkey is open to Christianity; Italy has risen from the "grave of ages," and the standard of Zion appears in her beautiful valleys; the Bible is in Rome itself; Spain has cast off the yoke of the despot; India is everywhere accessible; Japan, also, and China, containing one-fourth of the earth's inhabitants, invites Christian enterprise. In Africa the slumber of centuries is being broken, and in Madagascar and other islands the Word of God is having free course. The doors open, but much remains to be done. China, India and Africa would each furnish ample employment for all the missionaries in the field. That we may have some conception of the work upon our hands, let us consider for a moment the condition of things in one place—our own Boston.

In the past year, nearly 22,000 persons were convicted of crime in Boston. Of these more than half were native citizens of the United States. Thus we have, inside Boston, two fair-sized cities of criminals—one of them American! Listen, also, to the "cry of children"—the thousands of homeless, and worse than homeless, at our very doors. Of these there are many hundreds actually gathered in groups, waiting, as it were, for the angel of pity to move Christian hearts, that the sorrows of their little lives may be healed by the waters of love. Accompany Miss Burnap, missionary at North End, or transient-officer Coles, into one of the homes of Boston—the father and mother intoxicated; the child, a girl of four years and seven months, blind-eyed and staggering—intoxicated, too!

Down the street is a contrast in many respects—a Christian family, Portuguese, but poverty is here. No news from the father at sea for more than a year. The son, aged sixteen, has been an invalid twenty-two months. Eagerly he lays his thin fingers in your warm hand. His eyes brighten, and his white cheeks almost glow, as he exclaims to his mother repeatedly during your stay, "I'm so glad they have come. Isn't it long since any one has come to see us?" Broken lies on a shelf—not one pretty object on which his eyes may rest.

Next door—but why should I mention these? You have doubtless seen the same yourselves. I speak merely to "stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance."

Now this is a work that comes home to every one to-day, for it must be accomplished, not by the Church as a whole, but by individual effort. Each true believer belongs to the "royal priesthood." The word of the Master to every sinner is, "Come!" His command to each of you, His followers, is, "Go—into the highways and hedges;" "go, disciple all nations;" "go, tell My disciples that I am risen." The world's elevation which He commenced, He has committed to His earthly children—"Love them Me?" Feed My lambs." As the angels stand before His face, this work they long to do. But God has honored us with it. Our Father worketh hitherto, and hath called us to be co-laborers with Him. No temperance society or reform club ever restored one drunkard. That is done only by the warm grasp of a brother's hand, the arm thrown around the erring one, the kindnesses prompted by the sympathizing heart.

There is, to-day, in Boston much of this individual effort—earnest, patient, devoted. More is needed, and with it a thoughtful wisdom, looking to the future. What are the causes of this crime and degradation in our cultured city? Can they not be ascertained and removed? For, as in the temperance reform the most important point is not the restoration of a drunkard here and there, but the establishment of such a condition of things that none shall become drunkards; so in all judicious plans for the masses; not to provide for the destitute the ultimate aim must be, but to so arrange society that only in exceptional cases shall any experience want; not to raise the fallen, so much as to prevent any from falling. Really, the work of the Church is not to convert sinners, but to train the children up into Christ.

Can we ascertain the causes of the prevailing degradation? Go with me to the State House, to the commissioner of prisons, to the board of state charities, to the chief of police, and others, and we learn that nine-tenths, or to be within the truth, three-fourths, of all our criminals commence their downward course by drinking. Almost as large a proportion have no trade or skilled occupation by which to earn a livelihood. Ah, with how much wisdom did the divine Master, in a prayer of only a few lines, which He taught His disciples, after an ascription of praise to God, and a general petition

for the triumph of His cause, place the apparently simple request, "Give us this day our daily bread!" Before we ask forgiveness for sin, or deliverance from evil, we are instructed to pray for daily food.

Again, we learn that no prison in Massachusetts teaches its inmates a trade. In a part of the West convicts are designedly prevented from acquiring one, lest men should get themselves into prison expressly for this purpose. Thus criminals may be in the hands of our government five, ten, or twenty years, and at the expiration of their sentences they are returned to society utterly helpless—disgraced and helpless. What is the consequence? A large proportion of the convicts to-day in our Massachusetts State Prison in Charlestown, are re-commitments—they are serving out their second, third, fourth and sixth sentences! On the other hand, of the 4,080 children who, through the past years have been placed in families by the "Home for Little Wanderers,"—two thousand of them boys, and more than five hundred now grown to years of maturity—Mr. Toles of the Home will tell you that not one has been known to use intoxicating liquor.

Now, what is the part of Christian wisdom? Is it not, as Gladstone defines a good government, "to make it as hard as possible to do wrong, and as easy as possible to do right?"

1. Let us close the liquor traffic, pursuing the dealers, if need be, as we do lesser swindlers—counterfeiters—even through the passes of the Rocky Mountains.

2. Let us demand of our government a compulsory education that shall teach, not grammar and arithmetic only, but some trade or skilled occupation by which every boy and every girl shall be able to earn a support.

3. Receive the homeless little ones into Christian households, training them in the love of Him who has said "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Discouragement is often felt in endeavoring to elevate the depraved, because they do not desire improvement. This simply shows that they are human. As a rule, all wish to be let alone. Few care to be roused to higher aims. In fact, it is mainly those who have advanced far already, who of themselves strive to progress still further. But great should be the encouragement of reformers from the thought, that the culture of one generation is the inheritance of the next. Are you asked, "Is it possible to take that child in whose veins flows hot, tumultuous blood from ancestors who are guilty of every transgression in the catalogue of crime, and by any process whatsoever, of culture or religion, make him the intellectual, social and moral peer of the descendant of a long line of pure, heroic ancestors?" Answer: It is possible to raise that child immensely, and—thank God, upward tendencies are inherited as well as downward—the next generation starts on that higher plane. This may be a slow process; to succeed it must be steady; but, ah, how glorious for a race like ours! For humanity is not (as some would have us believe) sprung from nothing, and going nowhere. We have come from God, and are going home.

Labor for the elevation of the masses brings a present reward in the satisfaction derived from benefiting others; but still more in the refinement of the laborers themselves. For a person of the utmost purity and polish of manners to visit jails, and the lowest sinks of iniquity, and take by the hand the disreputable and vile, does not blunt refinement, as a superficial thinker would be ready to fear, but, on the contrary, induces the truest politeness, gentleness, and sweetness. It cannot be otherwise; for they, from the hem of whose garments virtue is imparted to others, must themselves touch the seamless robe—must hourly work by the side of Him in whom all graces dwell. The Golden Rule is a law of true etiquette than Lord Chesterfield's whole volume contains.

And who are we that we should shrink from any? When we consider their hedged-in condition, their poverty, their ignorance, their loneliness, the temptations without, the cravings within, we are forced to admit that, if we do differ from them, it is mainly God who has made us to differ. Often in the lowliest places we find the footprints of the Friend of Sinners, and we are constrained to lay our sandals off our feet, feeling it holy ground.

A few years since, a number of colored children were gathered into a mission Sabbath-school. The parents had been the lowest of the slaves, the families disorganized, drinking—supported mainly by the children, who either begged or sold trifles. The few young women who undertook the instruction of these, feeling that they would be under their influence but a short time—the families breaking up and changing location—endeavored to teach them as simply as possible "the truth as it is in Jesus." When greatly discouraged—it was discouraging sometimes, for they were persons totally ignorant of everything worth knowing, having no ideas of the laws of life, or health, or cleanliness, or proper living in any relation, the gulf seemingly impassable between their condition and that of common respectability—the teachers encouraged each other, saying, "I do believe some of these children are Christians now, and know what it is to trust the Lord; and that the germ of a new life is transforming their lives."

A test came. By a sad accident one of the little girls was fearfully burned. The case was distressing beyond description. In a small room—if it can be called a room, having no floor, and

only holes for windows—in such a place, occupied by two families, on straw, in rags and destitution, little Estelle suffered anguish unexpressed. Every day the burns were dressed, the process consuming two hours, and the excruciating pain utterly exhausting the sufferer, and, through sympathy, the attendants. With patience all but miraculous, weeks of agony were endured by this untrained child of eleven years. The last time it was my privilege to stand by Estelle's bedside, the burns had been dressed, and the sufferer lay faint from the fearful ordeal, when she said to me,

"You love me, Miss Annie, don't you?" I answered her I did.

"And you would stop this from hurting if you could, wouldn't you?"

"Of course I would."

"Does not Jesus love me as much as you do?"

"A great deal more. He died for you."

"And He could stop this from hurting in a minute if He chose, couldn't He?"

"Yes."

She raised to my face her large eyes, bright with the near light of the other world, and said,

"Then I think there must be some very good reason that we don't know anything about, or He would stop this hurting."

Turning her head on her pillow, it was the only part of her person she could move, the remainder was stiff in the bandages—turning her face to her pillow with very much the motion of a child nestling to rest in some one's arms, she whispered,

"Dear Lord, let it hurt as long as you see best, and then take me home to heaven."

I never saw Estelle again, for that night the Lord took her home.

Here was an unlettered child; but could the profoundest theologian evince more entire consecration than to be able to say, if dying under such circumstances, "Let it hurt as long as Thou seest best."

The problem that at some time troubles every thoughtful mind—why God allows this or that—disturbed Estelle. And can the most far-reaching philosophy give a better answer than that of this colored child, "there must be some very good reason that we know nothing about." Are purity and virtue tainted by contact with such saintly suffering? Was not Jesus standing by that bedside? The purity of our Lord when on earth was absolute, His modesty, refinement, delicacy, complete. Yet Jesus shrank not from the touch of the vilest. His greatest glory is that He laid His glory by, He never did anything great, as the world estimates grandeur. He wrote no learned book; He carved no matchless sculpture; He touched no glowing canvas; He went through life gathering around Him the maimed, the halt, and the blind, not fashion and style; He healed the sick—touching them with a word. Oh, the significance of the fact that Jesus touched the loathsome leper!

May we who are named for Thee, Thou Christ—the Anointed—have indeed the oil of Thy consecration poured upon our heads! The motive acts the act. The accursed tree—the shameful cross—becomes the blessing of humanity, and floods the world with the growing glory of a heavenly day.

He has gone, but to come again. Now is with us the day of toil and conflict. In the noise and smoke of battle—in the heat and hurry, or the weary marches, we may snatch an occasional cool draft of comfort; but the full reward of these lives of ours is not here—it is beyond.

There is a glorious work in the world, To do this very day; Then shall we fall, or hesitate, Or flatter away? A cry from the great, dark cities, Our souls have entered in, From the thousand, thousand children Whose heritage is sin; From half-paid slaves, laboring To keep the wolf at bay, With the tempter standing by them To make their souls a prey; A call, too, from our brothers, Once pure, erect and brave, But thirst for drink, and kindred thirst, Have power to enslave. Then let us be wisely thoughtful, Learning the best to do; And let us be firm and valiant—Stand for the right and true. If we dare, and do, and conquer, This age shall flash the light Down the vista of the future, For God, the truth, and right.

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more Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, then laboring in what is now the Virginia Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church. These preachers had been active rebels, and some of them, I am told, were guerrillas, and their congregations were nearly all of the same spirit. These parties were in possession of the parsonages and churches belonging to the Methodist Episcopal Church. When our ministers were sent out as pastors of these Churches, everywhere we found the Union portion of the whites, who were largely in the minority, anxious to receive us; but they were afraid of the aristocratic rebel majorities who had tyrannized over them for four years; who, had, in the main, been the governing portion of the Church before the war; and who were not only unwilling to receive us, but called us all manner of names, locked the doors against us, and, where they dared, incited mobs against us, intending to drive us away just as the Confederate troops tried to drive back the Federals that they might retain the spoils; and thus, by a system of persecution and intimidation, draw over to their following all of our membership whilst they drove the ministers away.

In this manner they hoped to retain quiet possession of all our valuable properties in the valley of Virginia, which had been constructed in the purer days of Baltimore Conference Methodism, when slavery was proscribed, and when, through fear of a falling away from the faith, the properties were secured to "the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America for the service of pastors appointed under the supervision of the General Conference," and "in no case for the Methodist Episcopal Church South." There were, also, other qualifications most sacredly guarding these temples to the service of a Church who up to that time rigidly enforced the rules against "buying and selling slaves," and had first advocated conservatism, and then a Central Methodism, and finally (this portion of them), the southern rebellion; and Bishop Early threw the gates ajar, and they marched in solid phalanx into the Church South. These men deliberately betrayed the Church, wickedly waged war against us, and to-day are able to show but little improvement. In a few cases where the preachers are good men, they use moderation. In addition to this, these preachers of the Baltimore Conference of the Church South, finding that there is to be no trouble about the Church property save from the Virginia Conference preachers, have renewed old friendships with their former associates of the Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and have been exceedingly fraternal. By misrepresentation they have prejudiced the Baltimore Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, against us, so that we have had little or no sympathy or co-operation from them in our work. Our principal sympathy from what now constitutes the Baltimore Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, is from the ministry who were formerly in what was then known as the "East Baltimore Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church." This combined the principal Union element.

We have had a few, however, even in the Baltimore Conference, who have been firm as the rock on all these questions which have divided Church and the nation. They, however, have had but little time to help us. Other Churches along the border are regularly and systematically aided by their sister churches in Washington, but we have not (except in a very few individual cases, where we were in a state of absolute starvation) received private assistance, and yet we are helpless and hopeless in sight of the capitol of our great Republic, and no voice responds to our necessities. We were set off into a separate Conference by the General Conference eight years ago, without any consultation whatever, with an appropriation of bare \$15,000 for the support of our pastors, and were told to go and prosper. We went forward, with the "valley full of dry bones" as the only heritage to begin with, and have more than doubled our membership. In the meanwhile the missionary appropriations have been reduced one-half, and the ministers have nearly doubled.

Now it is modestly intimated that as the Virginia Conference is "a failure," we had better go back into the Baltimore Conference, and this, too, without any assurance that this whole work, as heretofore, would not be abandoned to the Church South. Such a proposition is a shameful reflection on as brave and able a body of ministers as will be found in any Conference of similar size in the Methodist Episcopal Church. If the work has not been more successful, it is because it was "smashed" up when under the auspices of the Baltimore Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church. If Annual Conference boundary lines are to be re-adjusted, let the anxious parties and the parent missionary society restore us to a living status, and then we will be ready to consider these questions so vital to our interests. Until then we do not propose to be sent into oblivion from whence there shall neither be voice or sound through which to reach the ears and heart of the great Church beyond us, which, I am sure, from the action of the General Conference Committee on Boundaries would not be willing that this vine of their own planting should die.

In regard to the insinuation that we have wasted the missionary money, I have little to say that the Bishops and the Presiding Elders, selected and appointed by themselves, have had exclusive control of this matter; and the money wasted, if at all, has been upon their favorites who have come and seen, drawn their missionary money, and passed on to greener pastures. In one instance, where it was proposed in open Conference to change the appropriations, the Bishop decided that "the action of the missionary committee was final." I thought the decision wrong—I think so still. The Conference ought to have the right to control this matter, or new methods should be inaugurated. I have little doubt but that some money has been wasted on some men and some places. We have not always approved of the administration in these respects, but have in no sense been responsible for these failures.

As to the places: It was but natural to select points of relative importance, as, for instance, Staunton, and to make extraordinary and continued efforts to develop them, and then, after all, to be forced for the want of means to suspend operations for the time being. This is a thing of daily occurrence in every department of life. The worst that can be said of such things is that they are mistakes. We have had but few worthless men, and these were thrust upon us in a way for which the "rank and file" are not responsible. Success at some of our appointments has come after years of patient toil, for instance, Norfolk City. For years we toiled with apparently no results, when suddenly the Spirit came with mighty power, and many were added to the Church. In the meanwhile, we must lean heavily on God's providences and promises. In justice to one of our number, I must say that we had some means when we came here that we had earned in other fields, but while legitimately engaged in the work of the ministry, we have been gradually spending our substance until we are at last brought to the verge of starvation. I will not speak of the personal sacrifices that we have made to sustain the Church in Virginia. When we entered this work, we supposed that the Church would stand by us. I believe the great Church of our fathers would gladly do so if the facts in the case were before them. I propose that more of these "inside views" shall be brought to light in the future. Much has been said and written about the heroic daring of the Western pioneers, but much more than I have ever seen or read could be truthfully said of preachers in the Virginia Conference.

Another reason for our seemingly small success is found in the fact that at an early date our colored membership were organized into separate congregations under the auspices of the Washington Conference. The whites never asked for any such arrangement, so far as I know. In no Conference in the Connection is there less prejudice against the people of color, than among the majority of our ministers. I cannot say so much for all, but we Southerners were always accustomed to worshipping with colored people, and we rather like the arrangement, and feel as though there was something lacking when there are no negroes to shout and pray in the galleries; but they have departed, and left us much weaker, without any compensatory advantages. In this case our loss is, perhaps, their gain. I am not so sure, however, of this. Nearly all our churches in the valley were constructed with reference to the accommodation of both nationalities in the same audience; but the whites were exacting in requiring the colored people to keep to the galleries, and they went out from us as might have been expected. Much more could have been done for them had it not been for this foolish prejudice. I am sure, however, that they feel more freedom in congregations by themselves; but it is solely because of the exactions of the whites, and not that they are constitutionally clannish and desire separation. The fact is, separation was most painful to many of them, but they preferred it to forced or unconsented unions. They were brought up under white pastors, and they regard them with peculiar reverence. In some of the congregations where I have preached they have remained with the whites, and I have preferred having them do so. I do not serve a congregation where they were excluded. I know of none of our Churches in this Conference where this is done, and it is a common thing for our preachers to preach for them; but I blush for shame that this courtesy is not reciprocated. It is cowardice alone that prevents it. Whites generally enjoy colored speakers better than the blacks themselves do, so that an occasional interchange would hurt no person, and would be mutually enjoyable. We, however, welcome their preachers most cordially to seats in our Conferences, and never group them alone as in some of the Conferences further South. I do not think that we have a half dozen preachers who would object to the admission of colored preachers into our Conference. If it should become necessary, it will be done. The best colored school in Virginia is taught by a member of our Conference. Whites, we presume, would not be excluded if they should seek admission. We desire to be a decidedly religious institution, but we are not yet perfect. More anon.

CHARLES KING.

PRACTICAL RELIGION.—Many people are constantly wondering what will be our condition after death: How shall we live? Where will be our habitation? Of what sort will it be? These are dreamy speculations. The more important question is, How to live well in this life? This answered, the other questions will take care of themselves.—Baptist Union.

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For about half a century this man of God followed the arduous work of an itinerant, and this was at a time when it was a sacrifice to go forth trusting in God. He was blessed with six sons and two daughters, and it was not always convenient to find a house large enough to accommodate them, so that they were obliged to move twice a year sometimes. Only thirty of one family moving about forty-seven times!

Father Merrill was once riding from one appointment to another, on horseback, when he came to a road that led to his home. The horse refused to go any other way, and as he had never refused before, it seemed strange. He touched him in order to start in the way towards his appointment, but the faithful animal trembled and refused to go. Father Merrill lifted his heart to God in prayer, and felt that his duty was at home. He galloped his horse, and as he rode in sight, the children came running out, and he found that his wife had broken an arm, and was alone with the children. This faithful wife endured the hardship, poverty and toil of itinerant life till 1859, when she entered upon her eternal rest. His present wife has been a living comfort to him for some fifteen years, and they are spending the close of life in a home furnished by two of the sons. Father Merrill is in excellent health, is eighty years of age, and like John Wesley he rises about four o'clock in the morning, milks his cow, feeds his chickens, looks around his garden of three acres, and is so happy walking with God, that he almost thinks it would kill him if he was to have any more of this joy poured into his soul. So he lives in the suburbs of heaven, within the bounds of Boston, near Meeting-house Hill, Dorchester, and one of these days the angels will come to carry that sanctified soul to glory, and give him an abundant entrance into the city of life. His six sons live and profess religion. His two daughters have passed on to glory before.

CHARLES KING.

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### GENERAL CONFERENCE PROCEEDINGS.

TWENTY-FIFTH DAY.  
BISHOP AMES PRESIDING.

The Conference was called to order at 9 A. M., and opened with religious services conducted by W. B. Wood.

On motion of D. N. Cooley, the order of the day was then taken up, namely, the report of the committee on the State of the Church, and after the resolutions of the majority and minority reports had been read, C. B. Fisk, chairman of the committee, waiving his right to speak, said he thought it would be well for the Conference to hear Dr. Scudder, who had been secretary to the committee and who would explain its action.

M. L. Scudder said: The subject had been fully before them, and discussed in all its bearings, but as his time was limited he would merely give a little synopsis of what he had intended to say, and the brethren who followed him could enlarge at pleasure. In the first place he submitted that in the present state of feeling in certain Conferences it is a critical time that demands action. That state of feeling is very strong and indicates very clearly that something must be done. It would be seen that by these resolutions of the majority report the whole question of the organization of Conferences is placed simply on the ground of preference. It was not exclusiveness, but preference, and in the Church, as well as in our social life, this he held was the higher law of God. Tracing the history of this work, in all the South we found something like this, first an attempt at mixed congregations, but they have all expired. Next an attempt at mixed districts, but they, too, have nearly all expired. You can find now no instance of a white congregation with a colored pastor, nor of a white district with a colored Presiding Elder. It is a law of attraction, of preference, if you please, that everywhere prevails.

Then, again, this work is so made up, that if this power of preference be denied, there will be necessarily increasing friction and ultimate destruction. In proof of this he referred to the Alabama, Georgia, and Tennessee Conferences, where the declaration has already been made.

The next point he wished to make was the opportunity which this denial of preference would give for proselytism. Probably very few present knew the extent to which this was being carried by the African Church, the Zion Church, and the Methodist Episcopal Colored Church of America. In Alabama he had been told 800 went off at one time, and in Tennessee, also, this work of proselytism was going on with fearful havoc, and nothing but the measure proposed would check it.

Furthermore, this work was to have its influence upon all our white work in the South. It has succeeded well where the division has been made. Look at the Delaware, Washington and Lexington Conferences, and you will see demonstration of this fact.

J. Cummings thought the remarks of Dr. Scudder very good from his standpoint, but to some of us there was another point of view and a far more important question. He was very far from considering this a mere matter of preference. It was not simply a question of arithmetic. When we come to face the question and ask for the reason why such division is desired, look at it as you will, it is a question of caste, and you cannot find any other explanation. The separation was demanded by caste, arising from race and color, and he did not think the time had come for this General Conference to recognize by solemn vote a principle that was ignored even in our civil institutions.

It has been said that both classes desire this separation. So far as our white members are concerned, doubtless many of them do. So far as our colored members are concerned, the representations here made show that such is not the case, and if they should desire it, that is no reason why it should be granted. We are not simply to ask ourselves, What is best now, but the question looks to the future. It is a question of the division of our brethren in time to come, as to their public character and position, and he did not think there was any other explanation of this, but that which he had indicated.

What, he wanted to know, was our mission in the South? There are churches enough there already to provide for their separate classes. There were sufficient accommodations for those who cannot or will not associate with our colored members, and he held that it was our great mission to teach this great lesson of equality in the Church, as there is now equality in the law.

Those who advocated this view might be charged with inconsistency, for there are separate Conferences already. That question was not before them, but he would say a wrong in one direction does not justify wrong in another, and the fact that we have sinned in the past is no reason why we should commit more, and in the name of the sentiment that had prevailed to so large an extent over the country, in the name of what has come to us from our fearful conflict, the recognition of man as man, irrespective of condition or race, he protested against the action proposed.

E. O. Haven moved to amend the first resolution by inserting after the word "Conference" the words, "embracing in whole or in part the same territory," so that it should read, "that there should be no division of such Conference into two or more Conferences embracing in whole or in part the same territory, and where it is not clearly to be seen that such division would favor or improve the state of the work in any Conference," etc.

L. C. Queal said: Mr. President, allow me to state that in this committee, a paper was presented, asking you to allow us to divide during the next four years, if we thought proper to do so, and one of our most intelligent colored preachers, a member of the committee, fought it, desiring to strike out the four years; he had been a Presiding Elder in the Zion Church; he said he knew their strong fort and our weak point, and knew that it required prompt action to save our people. So, when the resolution came before Conference, another colored brother, a Presiding Elder, moved to strike out the words four years, as the King's business required haste, and the lamented Bishop Clark in organizing the Alabama Conference, gave us instructions to organize the whites to themselves, and the colored to themselves, appointing leaders, stewards, etc., among themselves, and wherever we had the right man, appoint a colored preacher to take charge of colored circuits; and white preachers to white charges; but in no case appoint a colored man over a white charge. He was with us two years, and promised us that whenever we became strong enough that we would be separated. The time has come, the best time is past, so good a time will never come again as the present.

We have now 6,341 whites, and nearly 6,000 colored asking you to respond to Bishop Clark's promise, 50,000, more or less, friends outside, ask you to grant it, and make us happy, and the thoughts of doing right will make you happy in return, Amen.

H. H. Moore said if the statements which he had heard were reliable, then the present aspect of things is against the white man and against the colored man. Shall we make use of the color of the colored man to embarrass the work of preaching the Gospel to him? Shall we make use of the fact that the white man is white to put embarrassments in the way of preaching to him? Shall we try to neutralize the color of the colored man with the whiteness of the white man in this matter? He was in favor of the majority report that we might have free access to both classes.

J. W. Martindale said: It becomes us in the consideration of this question to discriminate between a moral principle and a mere notion or idea. The principle that this is supposed to involve is that of equal rights, and the notion or idea that some seem to have is that of equal association is necessary to maintain that principle. Now, we are all agreed that the members of these Conferences in the South shall have equal rights, but we are not agreed that equal association is necessary to maintain equal rights. Nor do we believe that any action of this Conference can compel or secure equal association. You cannot compel the colored man to come to the white Churches, nor can you compel the white man to go to colored Churches. You cannot compel the colored people to accept a white pastor. We tried that in Missouri and failed, and we were forced to the conclusion that if we retained any portion of the colored people, we must give them colored pastors.

It is said this will encourage caste, but is it true? Has it been so in Missouri? [Voices, "No, no!"] Has it been so in the South? [Voices, "No!"] Its tendency is to do away with caste, and this is the only way you can do away with it. You cannot legislate color out of or into a man's face, and he will be sheer folly to attempt it. The prejudice existing must be cured by education, and whenever desired they should be permitted to form separate Conferences.

In his judgment that was the way not to deprive them of, but rather to give them equal rights. In this city classes are separate and distinct; and why not allow the privilege of choice to others? T. B. Snowden's Speech.

T. B. Snowden said he felt himself happy in being permitted to answer for himself, and was only sorry that he had not time to express his views fully. This question, as well as some others, required a great deal of thought and careful consideration. Many have brilliant minds and are able to come to a conclusion upon most any question very soon, but are not so brilliant as not to make mistakes by their hasty conclusions. Hence we want to consider and digest this subject thoroughly before we decide. First, Mr. Chairman, I claim that to let the Conference remain as they are upon the whole is the best thing we can do. The mental development of our people depends largely upon the association of those who have had opportunities with the most of us have not had. Dr. Watts says: "Always try to associate with those who know more than you do." Then if we are separated from you, "to whom shall we go, for thou alone hast the words of eternal life." These associations may not be pleasant at all times, but I believe they will be profitable. Ben Johnson's society was sought by many eminent men of his day. It was not because he was so affable that men liked to associate with him, for it is said that his manners were bearish, but to draw from that large source of knowledge which he possessed. Therefore we want the Conference to remain as they are, that the colored element may be educated by the white element, and better fitted for the work to which they have been assigned.

The second point I make is our social powers as well as our discriminating powers can be more fully developed by this union. By association we can find out whether these separatists mean what they say or not. They say that

they love us. Christ says, "If ye love Me keep My commandments." I say if you love us stay with us. A house divided against itself cannot stand. Some may say that they can do us more good by drawing the color line, but you don't know our wants, unless you are with us, and caused to undergo some of our hardships. Hamilar made his son Hannibal swear continual enmity against the Romans at the age of nine years, upon the banks of the Rubicon. Hannibal ever kept that oath, and was the most inveterate enemy the Romans ever had.

But some of the colored ministers are for separation also. A child may take a viper into his hands after being told by its companion that there is no danger in so doing. Thus he will grasp the viper, and by so doing he will be bitten, and death is the final result. The idea that I want to convey is this: Many of the colored brethren have voted in their Conferences for separate Conferences, have been told that it would be better for them, and as they are children in the work, took it for granted that their fathers knew better, and voted for separate Conferences; if this General Conference sanctions that vote, a spiritual and financial death will be the result.

The next point I make is, that association is a means of moral development.

The Conference adjourned, to meet at 3 o'clock P. M. The doxology was sung, and the benediction was pronounced by W. H. Elliott.

### Speech of L. D. Davis.

Mr. President: We hear a great deal said in this subject on the subject of caste as entering into the merits of the question under consideration. Now, caste is to us all a hateful word. To our Methodist ears, educated, as we all are, in the doctrines of free grace and universal love, it is suggestive only of outrage and wrong.

Now, sir, what is caste? In turning to the authorities we find caste defined as an hereditary classification of society, or as a separate order by which communities are divided into higher or lower grades, with the lines of demarcation so distinctly drawn that they cannot be passed over. It is an order of things with which we are all more or less familiar. Wherever it exists, all social progress is impossible, and advancement not to be hoped for.

Of course caste, in its true sense, cannot exist among us, for in this country all doors of commercial, religious and political preferment are open to all men.

But while we denounce the division of society into higher and lower grades by the arbitrary lines of caste, we find the human family divided, by the Almighty Creator Himself, into several distinct races, the existence of which we cannot ignore. Why God who made all men should have so divided them is more than we can tell. But the facts are before us, and we cannot ignore them. God has not made caste, but God has made the distinctions of race and marked them by colored lines which we can never wipe out by act of Congress or the vote of the General Conference.

The lines of caste divide men into inferior and higher classes. The race or color lines do nothing of the sort. There is nothing in these that place one man or race above another. The white man and the black man may live side by side, and may mingle in schools, churches, and social gatherings, or they may choose to remain entirely separate, and in neither case is there any approach to a decision of the question of inferiority or superiority. Color lines exist, but they have nothing to do with caste.

These facts and considerations show the folly of the argument as attempted to be drawn from the cry of legislation in the interest of caste. We do not legislate in that interest, but in recognition of the race or color lines which the Almighty has Himself established. We have been told here that we should take a sponge and wipe out the "color line," as we would erase the marks on a slate. All such talk is absurd. The color lines shall endure while humanity lasts.

Our old contests with slavery, our old fight in behalf of oppressed colored men; our long remembrance of those in bonds as bound with them; our struggles in their behalf, and the glorious success that has crowned our efforts, and created a sentiment among us that is in danger of leading us astray. We can now scarcely bring ourselves to treat our colored brethren as full-grown men, but propose to keep them under tutors and governors. Now, sir, the colored race should be thrown on its own responsibilities and resources, for its own good. They should have their own Conferences, Presiding Elders, and whatever is necessary to self-reliance and intellectual advancement.

Without this separation and independence, they can never rise to the dignity of true Christian manhood. Speech of E. Q. Fuller.

Mr. President: Had I time I would show this Conference that the question before us is not one of caste, that these brethren who set up this claim are not in the advance in this movement, but far in the rear of their brethren in the South on the question of the unity of races in the Church. Those who represent this as a question of caste are running in old ruts. Our Church in the South has moved out upon a higher and broader and better platform, recognizing all men as men, and ministers and members in the Methodist Episcopal Church upon a broad and Christian equality. I would further show, if I had time,

that the minority report is utterly wrong, and that its adoption would prove injurious to our work in many places. It is wrong, sir, because it denies all separation of the white or colored under any circumstances. Now, sir, the experiment has been tried. We have endeavored to mix congregations in several places, and this is the underlying question of this whole matter. It is not merely Conference lines, but Church lines. And we have endeavored to mix societies in various places, and I am prepared to say that the experiment has proved an utter and complete failure wherever tried.

Then I would like to call attention to the remarks of the last speaker upon this platform. Is it known to this Conference that the brother never says a member of a separate Conference, and comes upon this floor because he is a member of a separate Conference? [Applause.]

Then again I would like to show that the report of the majority is on the true basis. It gives liberty of choice and freedom of action in all our work. It does not say to one people, "You shall and must associate with another or leave the communion to which you belong." It does not say that they shall not. It leaves it with them to decide that question, and I believe that to be right. And then I would make a plea in behalf of the white people of the South. We have defined our position in regard to the people; we stand here as defenders of the rights of the colored man, and these white men who come from the Southern Conferences are prepared, at any cost to themselves, to defend the rights and liberties of the people of color in the Church and in the nation. But have we not white people in that country? I am prepared to say there are multiplied thousands whose hearts are with us to-day. Is it proposed to reject one that we may receive the other? We merely propose to reach our hands to both peoples, and bid all welcome to our communion, and do what we can to elevate and save the people of the South. This is the mission of our Church, and this is why we stand here and plead for the adoption of the report of the majority.

I would be glad to enlarge upon these several points, and especially upon the last, and show you where, geographically, the white work lies. Why, in the very nature of things, the adoption of this majority report does open a door to them, without to any extent whatever closing it to the colored people.

J. Latham said: I was once a colored preacher myself, and have some experience on this subject. The moment a colored Conference was organized, they ruled us out, saying they wanted a colored preacher. That was in the Washington Conference. He thought the Conference prepared to vote, and moved the previous question.

The vote was taken, and the call was not sustained. Speech of Rev. R. M. Halford, D. D.

This is the old question between slavery and freedom. The question is whether the great Methodist Episcopal Church shall put under ban and ostracize the colored people. [Several voices—"No! No! No!"] The question whether we, their only real friends, will treat them as other people treat them—turn them out and banish their friends, taunt them by saying, "The Methodist Episcopal Church have no more regard for you niggers than we have." [A voice—"Hit him again!"] And I stand here to-day, in the name of Methodism and humanity, to enter my protest against this great wrong—a step that, as sure as we take it, will bring crimson blushes of shame to the cheeks of our children in days to come.

My next remark is, this General Conference is the only body to settle this question. If you ask for the facts in the case as to just what is desired, you find this to be the truth. There is one sentiment in Missouri and another in Mississippi; one man represents the views of one section, and the other the views of another section. What are we to do? Stand up here with a sense of our responsibility upon us and do right in the sight of God, and risk the consequences with Him. I want to say another thing. The passage of this majority report destroys the grandest, noblest work of the Methodist Episcopal Church is doing on the face of the earth to-day. In the South the best of our Church is suffering everything but martyrdom for their love for the negro. Fast this law, and there is no chance for them.

### Speech of W. L. Mule.

He was surprised at the remarks of some of his brethren, especially the young brother from the Washington Conference, who knew nothing at all from experience or observation concerning the people in the South. He had been in a mixed Conference for five years formerly, and during that time there was but one district, and hardly strong enough to say in that "Amen." [Laughter.] He had been in a colored Conference for seven years past, and to-day that Conference has five flourishing districts and in the name of his constituents he pleads for separate Conferences. They wished to be recognized as men able to manage their own affairs, and not looked upon as children.

It has been said that the separation of the Conferences on the color line favors caste. We, on the other hand, claim it is oppressive when you compel us to go into mixed Conferences against our will. [Applause.] We prefer to be free to follow our inclinations and the dictates of our judgment

founded upon experience and observation.

A brother who spoke on the other side of this question said: Don't make this a local matter; if you do, the colored brethren will all go into colored Conferences. Do you see the point? If you grant the colored people what they want they will go into separate Conferences. [Laughter.] We are loyal to the Church, but do not wish to be forced into mixed Conferences, and do not believe you will disregard our wishes.

### Commercial.

BOSTON MARKET.  
WHOLESALE PRICES.  
July 18, 1876.  
FLOUR—Superfine, \$3.00; extra, \$3.25; 1st, \$3.50; 2nd, \$3.75; 3rd, \$4.00; 4th, \$4.25; 5th, \$4.50; 6th, \$4.75; 7th, \$5.00; 8th, \$5.25; 9th, \$5.50; 10th, \$5.75; 11th, \$6.00; 12th, \$6.25; 13th, \$6.50; 14th, \$6.75; 15th, \$7.00; 16th, \$7.25; 17th, \$7.50; 18th, \$7.75; 19th, \$8.00; 20th, \$8.25; 21st, \$8.50; 22nd, \$8.75; 23rd, \$9.00; 24th, \$9.25; 25th, \$9.50; 26th, \$9.75; 27th, \$10.00; 28th, \$10.25; 29th, \$10.50; 30th, \$10.75; 31st, \$11.00; 32nd, \$11.25; 33rd, \$11.50; 34th, \$11.75; 35th, \$12.00; 36th, \$12.25; 37th, \$12.50; 38th, \$12.75; 39th, \$13.00; 40th, \$13.25; 41st, \$13.50; 42nd, \$13.75; 43rd, \$14.00; 44th, \$14.25; 45th, \$14.50; 46th, \$14.75; 47th, \$15.00; 48th, \$15.25; 49th, \$15.50; 50th, \$15.75; 51st, \$16.00; 52nd, \$16.25; 53rd, \$16.50; 54th, \$16.75; 55th, \$17.00; 56th, \$17.25; 57th, \$17.50; 58th, \$17.75; 59th, \$18.00; 60th, \$18.25; 61st, \$18.50; 62nd, \$18.75; 63rd, \$19.00; 64th, \$19.25; 65th, \$19.50; 66th, \$19.75; 67th, \$20.00; 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## ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1876.

The last instance of insolent arrogance and petty persecution, on the part of the clergy of the Established Church of England, exhibited towards Wesleyans, awakens much feeling. It occurred at Cambridge, on the last of April of the present year. An endowed grammar school, founded in 1615 by Stephen Perse of Caius College, and bearing his name, has been from its origin devoted to the free education of boys of the city and vicinity. In 1873, the funds having been somewhat mismanaged, the school was reconstructed under a government scheme, and made broader in its administration, its exclusive sectarianism being laid aside. The new régime ordained simply that its head master should be a graduate of Cambridge or Oxford, that he need not necessarily be in holy orders, and that the assistant masters should not be subjected to a religious test, nor the pupils to denominational teaching. Under this new arrangement, for ten years, the school enjoyed great prosperity and attained a high reputation. Last year, however, its catholic spirit head master, Rev. F. Heppesall, M. A., was called to another position, and his place was filled by Rev. J. B. Allen, A. M., of Oxford—a man of very different temper. Since 1870, as a classical master, and afterward, head assistant of the junior department, Mr. F. C. Maxwell, M. A., of St. John's, Cambridge, a son of Rev. R. Maxwell, Wesleyan minister, and himself a Wesleyan, had been employed, and given the best satisfaction. Of his ability, the previous head master testified: "I have never known a master, taking all subjects into account, so qualified as you are for the position." Last spring, however, without a hint of dissatisfaction, Mr. Allen abruptly dismissed Mr. Maxwell, giving as his reasons, that the latter was not a person of his appointing; that his Wesleyanism would have been a sufficient occasion to have rendered his selection impossible on his (Mr. Allen's) part; that he objected utterly to a nonconformist colleague, and no consideration could remove this from his mind; and that the inferior social position which Mr. Maxwell held, as a Dissenter, would render intercourse and co-operation impracticable with the school staff. Finding that public sympathy was tending towards the victim of this clerical intolerance, Mr. Allen added meanness to his bigotry, by attempting to deprive the scholarship of Mr. Maxwell. But in refutation of this, the latter was able to exhibit the most unquestioned testimonials, from educators, from cultivated former pupils, and from the condition in which his classes were always brought forward. The Recorder (Wesleyan) sums up a trenchant editorial upon the subject, with the worthy sentence: "Such bigots as Mr. Allen do more to alienate the confidence and sympathy of the nation from a dominant establishment than all the efforts of external assailants."

The Association for the Promotion of Holiness has just closed a week of religious service at Lakeview Camp Grove, Framingham. The attendance has at no time been large, but select. The salt from the various denominations seems to have been present. The meeting was, in fact, an evangelical alliance in search of the best practical methods for attaining the higher religious life. Distinguished speakers from various parts of the country were present, and by their discourses and prayers gave interest to the meeting. Pearl Smith and his wife, an incomparable speaker, held a chief place among them. Among Methodists were noticed Dr. Nast, the organizer of our German work in America, who preached a delightful sermon upon consecration; Dr. Lowry, of Cincinnati, late editor of the *Christian Standard*, who spoke with great ability and power; and Rev. William H. Boone, a master at camp-meeting work, who gave spirit to the meeting. Dr. Cullis was generally present each day, but remained in the background, and seemed to take delight in putting others to the front. Dr. Steele spoke in his usual clear and forcible style, to the edification of the whole company.

The usual order of camp-meetings was not rigidly followed. The work was chiefly done at the stand with the entire audience gathered. The early prayer service, the sermon at 10 A. M., the young people's meeting at 1 P. M., the experience meeting at 2 P. M., the expositions and readings of Mrs. Smith till 5 P. M., made a delightful series of exercises.

The Christians in attendance could not fail to be profited, and unbelievers who happened to be there were deeply impressed, and in some instances converted. A Boston liquor dealer and a Democratic editor were among the notable trophies.

This meeting reminds us how popular camp-meetings are becoming in the various denominations. The elect portion of the Churches, who possess abiding experience, or who are seeking the best attainments in the religious life, come in the van, and others in due time will follow, to the edification of the whole body of Christ.

The preparations are being made for the great camp-meetings throughout New England. The majority of them will not hold services over the Sabbath. In the instances of meetings held in connection with watering-places, it will be more difficult, if not well-nigh impossible, and even of doubtful expediency, to close the services. Certainly public worship should be held if possible among the thousands that are gathered at these resorts upon the Sabbath; but where the grounds are simply used for the camp-meeting services, the peace of the Sabbath in the vicinity should not be interrupted by the occasion which a public gathering might offer for a desecration of the Lord's Day. No prospective good can be an adequate compensation for a positive wrong. The meetings, this year, will be carefully arranged, and the expectation now is, of a large attendance. Scriptural, experimental, doctrinal and instructive preaching are the best known instrumentalities at these great meetings. Great sermons are ordinarily a burden. But all is vain without the presence of the Holy Spirit. Earnest and united prayer never fails of securing the Divine Presence; and, to this end, an uninterrupted life for the whole designated period of the meeting is greatly to be desired. This coming and going is the death of spiritual life. We trust the Cloud will descend upon the tents when Israel worships in tabernacles. Would that the Churches might receive such a refreshing as in former days, from these protracted services in "desert places!"

We are still receiving from various portions of New England encouraging letters showing that the revival work continues through the warm weather; and these intimations are from local Churches, and not from great gatherings in the forest or by the seaside. We rejoice in this fact, for there is little loss in the results of such evangelical efforts, the Church itself being revived, the converts entering its fellowship will be carefully nurtured and led forward in the divine life. Besides, if the revival interest survives this heated term, it will continue with fresh power throughout the coming season. There is a better prospect in the religious than in the business world, and the former, we trust, will prove a blessed compensation for the discouragement attending the depression in the latter. But God may vouchsafe a double blessing. When we first seek the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness these other and lower mercies will follow in the train.

One of the most suggestive contributions of late to the periodical press is the remarkable clear and forcible paper of Mr. W. E. Gladstone in the June *Contemporary* upon The Causes of Religious Thought. It is quite significant that the numbers of the *Review* containing the papers of the late premier have to be reprinted. Our copy is the second edition. It is remarkable that one who has been so busy with public affairs, and is, instinctively, or from a cultivated taste, a diligent student in letters, should find time to follow up so closely the diverse lines of modern thought in the regions of speculative theology and philosophy, and preserve, withal, so conservative and catholic a balance of mind in these involved discussions. The paper deals largely with broad generalizations, but the simple and calm statement of his apprehension of the relative position of the various modern schools of religious thought, is, of itself, to thoughtful readers, a service of no ordinary value. Would that it were a less extraordinary occurrence to find our leading statesmen intelligently interested in the sublime truths of revealed religion.

On the 11th—the 96th anniversary of the memorable sermon of Jesse Lee, under the Boston Elm—the noble and beautiful shaft, secured by the contributions of the Methodist women of New England, was dedicated, over the grave of the apostolical evangelist, in Mount Olivet Cemetery, Baltimore. It bears upon one of its sides the inscription, "New England Methodists erect this tribute to Jesse Lee on the 96th anniversary of his first sermon in Boston, preached under the old elm on the Common, July 11, 1780." On the west side is cut "Jesse Lee, Apostle of Methodism to New England." Rev. J. W. Hamilton represented happily the donors of this noble memorial shaft, recounting the chief incidents in the wide and successful evangelical itineraries of Lee in New England. Bishop Ames admirably responded with a sketch of the early life, conversion and labors of Lee in the Southern and Middle States. The whole affair is a delightful and appropriate Centennial act, and a proper filial tribute on the part of the spiritual children of this devoted and able minister.

The organic union of the Established Church of England and the Wesleyan body seems to be as difficult and yet as lively a conundrum as that of the rehabilitation of the original Methodist Episcopal Church out of its two separate branches. The hopeful and ingenious Bishop of London keeps pegging away at the solution of it. If some of the Wesleyan ministers would only be willing to be re-ordained, and the others to look upon themselves as unordained, but licensed to certain services, and all the local membership would esteem themselves to be, as Mr. Wesley first organized them, simply societies, and partake of the holy Communion.

in the parish churches, the pestilent problem, the Bishop thinks, would be solved. It is good in the Bishop to have such generous feelings. Doubtless the blessings of the peace-maker will be upon his soul; but who can roll back the events of a century, and amend the ordinations of a Divine Providence? It is entirely probable that the Wesleyan body will remain, as heretofore, perfectly satisfied with their own ordained ministers, and with the efficacy of the sacraments administered by them. True Christian unity is often better secured without uniformity, in liberal fellowship and hearty fraternity. Here is a hopeful problem for the good Bishop to study and pray over. There is evidently work in this direction to be done among the clergy of the Established Church.

## THE SABBATH-QUESTION.

We have had a Waterloo fight and a Waterloo victory upon the question of the sanctity of the Christian Sabbath, in Philadelphia. We cannot easily exaggerate the importance of this event. The question assumed a special interest, as being discussed by representatives from every portion of the country, and as involving somewhat of a national issue, occurring, as it does, in connection with the great Exposition, and symbolizing the well-known difference between the custom of European peoples and our own. It came, also, as a sort of climax to a number of local efforts to break down the sacred regard for this day which has characterized our nation during its first century. Heretofore many of these efforts have been successful. Public libraries have been opened, and Sunday concerts have been countenanced. But no entirely secular amusements, or public festival, have been permitted by any formal vote to occur upon this day.

The increasing laxity and worldliness of the times, and the spread of "liberal" views, so called, together with the growing custom of individual pleasure-riding on the Sabbath, had awakened no little anxiety as to the ultimate fate of our hitherto quiet and worshipful Lord's day. When, therefore, the question came up in the very tempting form in which it was presented at Philadelphia, as a pecuniary necessity in a very expensive undertaking, as a matter of national courtesy towards those who had not been educated to an enforced observance of the Sabbath, and as an act of justice to the working classes whose only opportunity to be profited by it, it was affirmed, was on the day of their release from labor, thoughtful Christians were not a little anxious as to the decision of a body of laymen who, from their position and responsibilities, would be likely to feel the force of some, at least, of the arguments brought forward.

But when, in addition to all this, about every leading secular newspaper in the country, several of the representative weeklies of one, at least, of the Protestant sects, and all the periodicals under the control of the Roman Catholic Church; when Bishops of the latter Church, and several well-known and eloquent Unitarian ministers, united in urging upon the Commissioners the duty and necessity of opening the gates of the Fair upon the Sabbath; when a large convention, meeting on Sunday evening, with heated enthusiasm, and amid violent demonstrations, demanded as a right the freedom of the Exposition on this day, this anxiety was greatly enhanced.

It is not often, upon a subject affecting a Christian ordinance or institution, that the whole Church becomes fairly aroused; but for once, at least, in our country, this result has been accomplished. The religious press became effectually awakened, and with nearly a unanimous voice plead for the sanctity of the Lord's day, and called upon the Christian people of the land to stand by it. Ministers in their pulpits prayed and preached about it, and it was even more to the purpose, took what it was the theme of the devotions of the hour. Conventions, conferences and ministers' meetings resolved and forwarded their petitions to the Commissioners. Thousands of such united and personal letters were sent to the same address. The solicitude became general and deep.

With all this aroused public sentiment we cannot fail to be impressed with the manly and Christian stand taken by several of the Commissioners. In the last debate, occurring July 7, in the presence of a large audience, the most strenuous efforts were made on the part of certain Western and Southern Commissioners to repeal the rule closing the gates. Ridicule, dogmatism, wit, story, persuasion, and sometimes heights of flowing eloquence, were placed under contribution to break down the resolution of those that stood in defence of the Sabbath. The old slanders against the Puritans, the "Blue Laws" of Connecticut, and the stringent "sabbatarianism" of Massachusetts, were repeated. We read with special gratification the report of the speeches of Dr. Loring of our State, of Mr. Morrell, of Pennsylvania, and of Gen. Hawley, of Connecticut, (an honor to the Methodist institution in New York where he studied, as well as to the Congregational Church in Hartford, to which he now belongs,) as reported in the Philadelphia papers, not only on account of the high Christian ground which they take, but on account of their dignified and ably sustained arguments, their noble spirit and their convincing eloquence.

We do not wonder that long continued applause followed the fine Christian sentiment of Gen. Hawley, when he said, with delightful simplicity, that, "while he knew something of personal

courage, he knew something, also, of moral risk, and he would say that he was afraid to open the gates on Sunday." We have read in an ancient volume, of no inconsiderable authority, that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." It certainly will prove so in this instance.

We hope the event will be duly noticed in pulpits and prayer circles. Let us be as ready to respond with our thanksgivings as to proffer our petitions. It is a great and significant fact, showing the hold of the Bible, of Christian traditions, and of a spiritual faith, upon the hearts of our community. For all of which let God be praised!

## THE LONDON TIMES ON POPEY.

The London *Times* lately uttered, editorially, some very sensible views on the political tendencies of Popery, views which must commend themselves to the consideration of European statesmen generally. They were called forth by the disturbances in Belgium, accounts of which have been given in our journals. In Antwerp, Ghent, Brussels, as well as in many minor communities, mobs have threatened almost civil war; and thus it has been at annual elections for some successive years. Similar scenes in our own country would be cited, by European monarchists, as proofs positive of the failure of Republicanism; their logical bearing on monarchy is never discussed in Europe.

The explanation of these riotous demonstrations in Belgium (threatening, as the *Times* intimates, sanguinary revolutionary atrocities), is to be found in the policy of Romanism there. Belgium, it is well-known, has, like France, been long proud of its loyalty to Rome; but modern liberal ideas have made progress there, as everywhere else in Europe. Coincidentally, however, with this progress among the people, especially the more active minds of the city people, the clergy, and the peasantry led by the clergy, have become more intensely Romish—have, in fact, like the Catholics of France, become fervently Ultramontane. The collision of these opposite forces is the great peril of Belgian politics—the fate of the country itself seems involved in it. It is the only serious political interest of the nation, and engenders the strongest popular passions. At the late elections, the clerical party was victorious, but with a slightly less majority than it commanded the year before. The liberals attributed this continued triumph to clerical management, and to an inequitable arrangement of the elections. They have resented it, therefore, by generally, by violent popular demonstrations, and are preparing a national convention for a revision of the electoral system of the country.

The *Times* justly remarks, that Belgium reflects, in these internal troubles and dangers, the real condition of every Catholic country in Europe. The Church has arrayed itself against the progressive thought of the age, resolved to contest it at every step; the result is continual, and constantly increasing internal disturbance of the Catholic States. And not only this, but the ecclesiastical resistance provokes the progressions to more radical opinions than they would otherwise think of. Still worse, it drives them to religious skepticism. They confound the errors of their clerical opponents with religion generally; they become avowed infidels, in many cases implacable destructives against all ecclesiasticism, with which they identify all religion. Thus the Church is really responsible for an immense apostasy of the people from religious faith. This is the most damaging fact against modern Popery.

The papal leaders acknowledge this demoralizing change among the masses; they point to it with both hands, and with loud criminations; they denounce it as the result of political liberalism, not perceiving what all the rest of the world clearly sees, that it is the effect of the clerical hostility to liberal reform; that if the Church were found to be, what she ought to be, the standard-bearer of the people in their march forward towards emancipation, the people would hail her, and follow her with "singing and shouting." They forget how it was with the Italian people, at the advent of the present Pope, when he and his court seemed inclined to the party of popular progress. Down to the flight to Gaeta, the hopes and enthusiasm of the people were profoundly loyal. That treachery of the Church has never been forgiven; and now the reformers, in Europe generally, wish no more compromises with her. They cannot trust her. They are determined to fight out their battles without her, and to tread her down in their march.

The Vatican, and its servile organ, the Pope, as is evident from his frequent and glibulous speeches, have no idea of their disastrous agency in this bad work. The Pope evidently deems himself the defender of God's truth against a deluded world. His logic is, indeed, very seriously inconsequent and inconclusive, but it is evidently very sincere. Everyday he becomes more impotent, but every day, also, more oracular. In his latest reported deliverance, he alluded to the murder of the late Sultan of Turkey, as a judgment of God for his bad treatment of the papal cause. Not content with this presumptuous opinion, he pointed, in the same speech, to the defeats of Austria and France as punishments of their failures toward Rome. The simple old man appears not to have thought of his own humiliating defeats, the almost utter declaration of the Vatican state-power. For what sin is this affliction sent? Neither Austria nor France has gone down rapidly as the Vatican. And,

meanwhile, what is the meaning of the prosperity of Prussia, so formidable an enemy of Rome? Of the triumph of the Spanish government over Carlism, and the passage of the Toleration Article of the new Spanish constitution? The "rule" of the Pope's logic evidently does not "work both ways."

The *Times* but expresses a truth, which history must recognize, to the everlasting disparagement of the Church, when it says: "The Pope, who has just completed the thirtieth year of his pontificate, has achieved the work of proclaiming, and setting on foot, a real war between his Church and the liberal classes of Europe. His Ultramontane admirers glory in such a result; but it wears the most melancholy aspect to those who have at heart the order and stability of society. The victory of the Church is an impossibility. The Pope, by making all compromise between himself and society impossible, has condemned the whole Roman Catholic world, so far as in him lies, to the permanent condition of Belgium."

This is a just verdict. Romanism is responsible for nearly all the actual troubles of the cabinets of Europe; for the late military calamities of Spain and France; for the social dissonance, the dangerous contrasts of opinion among different classes of the people of Roman Catholic states; for the religious skepticism and moral perversion of the liberal political parties of the continent generally. Romanism is the one great drag on European progress in our day. The quicker it can be eliminated from European politics the better.

## NEW MAGAZINE.

The prospects of the Church for a magazine of "high order" are not brilliant. To be sure, the Bishops, by the order of the General Conference, have appointed "seven men of thorough literary culture and intimate acquaintance with the intellectual and religious wants of the Church and country," to aid the agents and book committee in determining the future status of the *Ladies' Repository*. The committee is unexceptionable, but when it assembles, what will its careful discussions amount to? The *Western*, a week or two since, significantly reminds its readers that "the duty assigned to that committee is limited by the instructions of the General Conference to the determining of the 'name, scope and style' of the *Repository*." The speech of Dr. Wheatley, mover of the resolution to appoint "seven wise men," shows that he expects that "a magazine will be projected that will render great service to Methodism, and be a source of revenue to the Book Concern." All the other speeches made at the time looked to the "decent burial" of that which Dr. Curry called a "primer," and the establishment of a new monthly in its place. Dr. Curry intimated that New York was the only place where such an enterprise could be successfully conducted, and that no magazine of strength and repute ever flourished on the other side of the Alleghenies. Dr. Curry was elected, not to the editorship of the *Ladies' Repository* as such, but to the chair and management of an ideal enterprise, the other side of the *Repository*, and which could only be reached by making him editor of the dying magazine. In his salutary Dr. Curry says that he considers himself a "literary administrator" charged with the duty of "winding up a business," speaks of "a new departure in the business of magazine work," "room and demand for a first-class literary and religious magazine." If the duty of the newly appointed committee is limited to altering the name, style and scope of the *Ladies' Repository*, we fear that its appointment will be barren of any valuable results. The Western agents, in consultation with the editors, we presume, have over and again altered the name, style and scope of the *Repository*, to our certain knowledge. To do nothing more after all the debate and action of the General Conference will not, it seems to us, meet the expectations that have been raised. The *Western*, perhaps, would like to feel, after the *Repository* shall have been entirely metamorphosed into a *Scribner's* or a *Harper's*, that it is the same old magazine that Dr. Hamline established thirty-five years ago; that, in its future existence, it shall be like the Dutchman's knife that had worn out three handles and five blades and was the same old knife still.

The decisive action of the General Conference has, no doubt, killed the *Ladies' Repository*, as such, beyond the power or hope of resurrection. It is idle to talk of changing the "name, style and scope," of that which is defunct. The creation of a new magazine is the only thing possible. The name, style, scope and location of that monthly are the formidable questions before the agents, the Book Committee, the "seven wise men," and the Church at large. The name is a matter of little consequence; only, if you call it "Methodist," you shut up its circulation to our own denomination. Its style and scope will be more difficult to settle, where so many interests and tastes are to be satisfied, some wanting a religious magazine, some a scientific, and some a literary. A judicious editor and able writers may, perhaps, overcome this difficulty. Its location will be a matter of debate. A Western town has no libraries worth the name, and an editor or *litterateur*, most often put to his trumps to substantiate a fact, or verify a date. Editors, engravers and writers are Eastern, or Imported. Dr. Curry shows wisdom in editing the *Repository* from New York

where he has all facilities for writing and editing at hand, always excepting the magnificent libraries that would be at his command if he made Boston his headquarters instead of Gotham. Bootless will it be to call together agents and committees at great expense and from immense distances, to do nothing more than alter the "name, style and scope" of a periodical that has had its day, done its work, is "played out," distanced by every magazine enterprise in the country. Something more than this must be done, or the expectations of the Church and country will neither be met nor satisfied.

## Editorial Items.

It will hardly avail to sneer away the violent efforts of Southern politicians to prevent the colored men from voting, by terming the simple recital of the brutal scenes constantly occurring "waving the bloody shirt." The accounts of the late cowardly murder of eight negroes at Hamburg, S. C., as published in the Democratic papers of the South, show how little justice the colored man has to expect, not merely from ruffians, but from white "gentlemen" (?) The incidents of the affair are as follows: On the late Fourth, an organized colored company was marching orderly through the streets of Hamburg, when two gentlemen of Augusta, Ga., met them, and were greatly offended because the company would not turn out of the street for them. They then demanded that they should give up their arms to them which the company very properly refused to do. The enraged gentlemen (?) then returned to Augusta, Ga., not far distant, and organized a mob of Georgians to attack the army of the colored militia, the black men declaring that they would protect themselves and their families. The Georgians fired upon them, and the soldiers returned the fire, killing one of the assassins. Re-inforcements were secured by the attacking party; a cannon was obtained, and four rounds of canister were fired into the building. The portion of the company remaining alive in the army then surrendered. Twenty-five of the Georgians volunteered to carry them to jail, but on the way changed their plan and commenced shooting the prisoners down like wild beasts. Seven or eight, at least, were disposed of in this way, and only at the solicitation of certain Georgian gentlemen, who thought blood enough had been shed, did the murderous work cease. These bodies were left unburied where they fell. All but one of them had families, and the distress and terror created was fearful. The *Traveler* well says: "Gov. Chamberlain, of South Carolina, has a very plain duty on his hands—the punishment of the Georgians who invaded that State, interfered with its militia, attacked them in their own army, captured them, and then butchered them in cold blood. He should at once demand of the Governor of Georgia the surrender of the murderers, and their speedy trial and prompt punishment should establish a precedent that will not soon be forgotten. This was so gross a violation of 'State Rights' that every Southern Democrat will concede the necessity of making an example of the invaders."

President Grant seems to be striking his public reputation, himself, harder blows than any public enemy has ever given to it. There may be rational and wise explanations of his late executive removals. They have, however, to the uninitiated, the appearance of personal or political revenge. The removal of subordinates who have been conspicuously active in the whiskey prosecutions, had a very bad look, following as it did the apparently forced resignation of Mr. Bristow, who enjoyed the honor of pressing them forward with great vigor, and whose appointees they were. But the sudden, unexplained, and not particularly courteous removal of Mr. Jewell, the Postmaster General, placed the whole movement beyond conjecture or apology. It certainly does not appear to have been made in the interest of reform or of an improved civil service. The best friends (not politicians) of the President are the most grieved and indignant. We had sincerely hoped President Grant might have borne himself to the last, that, as he retired from the exalted seat, the old political asperities would be assuaged, and memories of his great public services in the civil war, would embalm his name in the grateful respect of, at least, all patriotic Northern citizens.

Mr. Samuel V. Niles has published through the house of A. S. Barnes & Co., New York, a new edition of a work issued fifty years ago by his grandfather, Hezekiah Niles, the well-known editor of the *Weekly Register*. It is properly entitled a Centennial Offering, and is a republication of the "Principles and Acts of the Revolution in America." It was originally dedicated to the young men of the United States, and the present editor hopes its re-issue will tend to awaken patriotism and fraternity throughout the States.

It contains some of the most stirring speeches, records of important events, and State, Congressional and Parliamentary discussions, occurring during the years immediately preceding the great war in this country, and in Great Britain. The matter is arranged under the different States, the Continental Congress, and the British Parliament. Large space is given to the letters and writings of Washington and Franklin. Altogether the volume—a large octavo of over 500 pages—is an encyclopaedia of interesting and suggestive facts and historical statements that are of permanent value, or of curious interest. If our young men would read it they would be both profited and entertained by it.

Money has been styled the "sinews of war"; it is the sinews of peace as well. Peace has its victories, and these are largely achieved through the agency of a sound, trustworthy currency. To establish as perfect a medium of exchange as possible is a great problem of the times. The blessings of millions will rest upon that man who shall lead the country out of its present tangled wilderness of uncertainty into a reliable monetary system. President Andrew D. White has written a work on the history of French paper money, which most effectively proves, by the experience of France, how inevitable paper inflation must be, and how ruinous, under the best management, and with a few, impoverish the great mass, being especially calamitous to the working classes. The facts he adduces are undeniable, and should be a warning to us.

The *Tablet*, a Roman Catholic journal of New York, thinks that if Lynch law is ever justifiable, it is when employed in putting to death a man who reads the Scriptures to his Catholic neighbors, or to use its precise words, "when in a country devoted to the Catholic faith, a blaspheming infidel, having

become interested in the Bible, proceeds to interest his neighbors." The blasphemer who provoked the above anathema was a Protestant Mexican, who was lately shot dead in his own house, and then hung in his wife's presence. "The crime," says the *Tablet*, was in "insulting the religion of the people." The religion of such people could hardly be insulted, we should think.

The majority of delegates to the Boston Episcopal Convention of South Carolina have not a fear of the Bishop before their eyes, but their fear was evidently not cast out by perfect love for their fellow-men. The delegates from St. Mark's Church, colored, of Charleston, were denied admission to that body, though Bishop Howe told the members that it would be a "most unchristian act, and would register the Church of this diocese as the Church of a caste." He added, "I pray you pause before you take such a position as this." All honor to the Bishop for his brave Christian words, and shame to the men who treated their dark-skinned brethren with cruel, unchristian contempt!

The action of the Prohibitory Convention in nominating a State ticket, with the possibility that the Prohibitionists will nominate candidates of their own for Congress, has aroused the attention of many of the Republican leaders. They see the danger which attends the attempt to longer continue the license policy of the party, and are anxious to avert it, if possible. A strong effort will be made to secure the nomination of a Prohibitory candidate for Governor by the Republicans. If this can be done, the Baker movement will have no foundation, and the Prohibitionists will return to the Republican party. The salvation of the party depends upon holding these men. It will drop in pieces when the conscience element is driven out.

They have a beautiful charity in New York city, under the charge of the Ladies' West Side Relief Association, for the benefit of sick children under five years of age. They are transported from the hot and crowded tenement houses to a cooler sanatorium on the Long Branch Railroad. More than a hundred little ones have already exchanged purgatory for paradise, and it is hoped to have accommodation for 2,000. The blessings of those who are ready to perish will rest upon their compassionate benefactors. Here we have religion "pure and undefiled."

The late Augustus Hemmenway leaves in his will the following direction to his executors:—

"I direct my executors, taking the advice and counsel of my trustees as to the objects of this charity, to pay one hundred thousand dollars in gold to any among corporations organized for public charity, distributing it, as much as possible, among those most worthy, avoiding all such as make two paupers where there was but one before, and those with any appearance of sham—where the managers derive pecuniary profit from the management—may wish to help to aid the worthy poor, and to assist those who are willing to assist themselves, when able, and to maintain the loyal wife, who never despaired of his condition. The will was made in Boston, when he was seventy years of age, after his sudden and surprising recovery from a long period of insanity. He died in Cuba, where he has a large and valuable estate.

The *Central Advocate* says, referring to the late disaster in Montana, that it will quicken the public mind on the Indian question. The question of the transfer of the Indian Bureau to the War Department has not been settled. We have read the speech of Hon. John A. Logan in the Senate last month, when the question was under discussion there, and are more than ever convinced that the peace policy is the only one that has yielded good results. The subject is quite thoroughly discussed by Senator Logan, and the arguments advanced in favor of the peace policy are unanswerable. We must civilize the Indians or destroy them. If the government would treat this important part of our affairs with the earnestness it deserves, the results would quickly vindicate the policy and lessen the chances of opposition to it. Senator Logan deserves the thanks of the people for his able speech.

The Bishops have appointed the following, as the committee ordered by the late General Conference, to revise the *Ladies' Repository*, viz.: J. F. Hurs, C. W. Best, H. B. Rogers, George M. Steele, and Dr. N. C. Cooke. W. H. Harris, Secretary of the Board of Bishops.

The committee thus appointed are called together by the chairman of the Book Committee, John L. Smith, July 19, at the Western Book Concern, Cincinnati. Dr. Edwards of the *Northwestern*, thinks this committee has plenary powers, except as to a change of the place of publication. He therefore peremptorily reminds Dr. Curry to Cincinnati and to the diligent discharge of his new duties. We shall see what we shall see.

The *North American* for July, published by James R. Osgood & Co., appears prominently. Its first article is an exhaustive discussion, by Gamaliel Bailey, of the proposed new charter for the greatly extended city of Boston. T. F. Crane gives a very extended and interesting review of Popular Italian Tales. L. H. Morgan presents the latest generalizations of science upon the Western Mounds and their Builders. Recent Astronomical Progress is set forth by Simon Newcomb. Henry Cabot Lodge gives an appreciative and critical review of J. P. More's *Life of Alexander Hamilton*. The final chapter, by no means the least attractive, is a review of current literature. The number is sufficiently popular and varied for the heated term.

The *July Unitarian Review* is an interesting number. Dr. Ellis presents convincing reasons for omitting, hereafter, the reading of the Declaration in our annual celebrations. Dr. Peabody's capital address upon our Public Schools is given. Dr. Bellows speaks wisely and eloquently upon the Century Gone and the Century to Come. The old-fashioned virtues of simplicity, industry, temperance, honesty and godliness—a nice and wholesome homily. The editor's table is full and entertaining.

F. H. Revell, of Chicago, publishes an instructive tract by George Rodgers, upon The Jewish Temple, its Typical and Spiritual Meaning. The author has already interpreted the spiritual significance of the Tabernacle. These sacred structures, of divine architecture, are inspired shadows of invisible and higher truths. Our author may sometimes press the spiritual's moblism full as far as the text admits, but his exposition is instructive and Scriptural.



Dr. Foster, of Clinton Springs, N. Y., has long cherished a purpose of establishing near his popular sanitarium an institution for the preparatory and higher intellectual training of young women, where special attention should be given to physical development and health, as well as to mental culture. He has wished to meet especially the necessities of multitudes of mothers whose physical condition forbids their attendance upon the rigid courses of our academies and colleges. Rev. Dr. George Loomis, late of Alleghany College, is now associated with Dr. Foster in carrying out this important plan. As an opening to the broader enterprise, they have taken the Foster House, a large, brick first-class hotel with modern appointments, supplied with water and gas, where, upon the second day of September next, a seminary will be opened. It promises to be one of our most important and valuable educational movements, meeting the requirements of a large and interesting class. A letter to Rev. George Loomis, Clinton Springs, will bring to any one seeking it all desirable information as to terms, regulations, etc.

No political paper that we recollect has made so strong and favorable an impression upon the country as the most well-written, outspoken and decisive letter of acceptance, from Gov. Hayes. It records with the best sentiment of the hour. In affirming an opinion of the expediency of one term, he places himself in the most favorable condition to work out the reforms he proposes. On the great question of the hour he speaks without qualification, putting himself at the head of those seeking to place the administration of the government in the hands of honest, capable and faithful men. One step towards a hopeful consummation has been taken. It remains now heartily to take the others.

The father of Charles Ross has acquired sufficient mental compass to be able to sit down and write out the whole harrowing and pathetic tale. The book, which is fully illustrated by the cuts of the brothers (the oldest of whom escaped the abductors), and of several lost children who were discovered in the search for Charles. Fac-similes of the correspondence of the abductors are also given. The extracts of the book which we have seen, show that it is written in a clear and attractive style, and will present one of the strongest, most perplexing and singularly mysterious series of incidents that has ever been recorded outside of fictitious literature; it fully shows that sometimes, at least, truth is stranger than fiction. The book is now passing through the press of John E. Potter & Co., Philadelphia.

The *Universalist Quarterly* for July has nine papers, several of them of general interest, and all ably written. The opening paper is upon the Winchester Confession (Universalists), and it is followed by a thoughtful article upon the Cognition of Mathematical Reasoning, a well-written essay upon the contributions of Science to Modern Religious Ideas, a translation from the French upon the Jewish Psalter, a short paper upon Tabernacles of the Lord, an interesting sketch of Major General Gridley, a discussion of the Moral Sense, a good chapter upon Modern Doubt and Unbelief, and a consideration of the Results of Agitation.

We are glad to see that chief of police Savage is enforcing the license law. In the city of New York, Gen. Smith, superintendent of police, is earnestly enforcing the Sunday Liquor Law, which forbids the sale of intoxicating liquors on that day. He is sustained and encouraged by large numbers of the best citizens, among them bankers, lawyers, merchants, etc., in an appeal to the city authorities, to enforce the statute. Already a very marked improvement in the quiet and good order of the day is observed.

The will of Miss Susie Drake Cullow, who recently died at Baltimore, among a number of bequests to religious and benevolent enterprises amounting to \$41,000, has made the following: To the Methodist Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church incorporated in New York, \$4,500; Methodist Preachers' Aid Society, Baltimore, \$4,000; Home of the Aged of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Baltimore, \$5,000; Church Extension Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, incorporated in Pennsylvania, \$10,000.

The Methodist of July 15, has a singular peg on which to hang one of its short editorials. It opens by saying that "the orations for the Fourth presented the usual narrowness and intensity," and then goes on to praise the breadth and fairness of Dr. Storrs and Charles Francis Adams, and closes with a general reference to the previous Sunday sermons of the ministers, as being patriotic, but refraining from "dropping down into the harsh spirit of partisanship." All this seems far from being narrow and unwisely intense.

A strong desire is expressed in many quarters that the exhibit of the United States Government in the Centennial Fair may be the close of the Philadelphia Exhibition, be transferred to the national capital and made permanent. The *Tribune* says that intelligent foreigners regard it as the most interesting and important feature of the Fair, it affording remarkable facilities for the study of the resources of the country, representing, as it does, in a singular completeness, its natural productions, its progress in agriculture, manufactures, commerce, art, education, and the workings of the different departments of the Government.

The associates of Captain Eldridge, at the House of Refuge in New York, as he leaves them for his new appointment at the head of the Providence Reform School, bear the warmest testimony to his ability both as a teacher and a disciplinarian, and to his manly and Christian character. He was eminently successful in winning the confidence and regards of the boys, and also, of drawing to himself the warm fellowship of his associates. A leading officer of the House writes to us in the most unqualified terms of his amiable and admirable qualities, and follows him with the best wishes for, and expectations of, his success in his new and responsible field.

Harper for August opens with an instructive description by Edward Abbott, of Wesley College. There are eleven very fine and truthful illustrations. There are few more attractive scenes upon earth than the site and appointments of this interesting and flourishing Christian institution. The other illustrated articles are, the Battle of Long Island, a Sentimental Journey to the Jordan, a fine portrait of Dr. Brown, author of "Rab and his Friends," Model Dwellings, and—Saragosa Springs, the simple sight of which is inspiring, and which the editor hopes to be enjoying (his readers, not the description) while his readers are glancing over this note.

Mr. T. C. Evans has issued a very handsomely published Hand-book of Advertising. He gives admirable suggestions to persons wishing to bring their goods before the public, and presents for their consideration a list of one hundred of the leading weeklies of the country. There is a wise economy in the matter of advertising, and Mr. Evans has made the study of this specialty. What he does not know about it, one need not feel anxious to discover; what he does know he will cheerfully disclose at 252 Washington Street.

Who is Mrs. Bloomfield H. Moore? According to the *London Saturday Review*, an American lady bearing this name is "somewhat perturbing public opinion in the United States," in this Centennial year, by a novel of hers which shows up the "inner life" of American society. Will the *Review* inform the perturbed American people who this perturber is, and what is the name of her remarkable work?

One of the oldest colleges in the country, Hampden Sidney, in Prince Edward Co., Va., has just celebrated its one hundredth anniversary. The late war diminished its resources and crippled its operations, but it is recovering from these disasters, and now has an endowment of \$140,000, which is to be increased by \$10,000. Its last graduating class numbered only seven.

The United States Official Postal Guide for July, just published by H. O. Houghton & Co., Boston, gives a list of post-offices established, discontinued, and names changed during the last quarter, together with alphabetical lists of all the post-offices and all the counties in the United States. The Guide also contains full information concerning rates of postage, foreign and domestic. It is published quarterly. Price 50 cents a number; \$1.50 a year.

The *Southwestern* says: "We are gratified to announce that Rev. W. D. Godman, D. D., has reconsidered his resignation as President of the New Orleans University, and will continue in charge of that institution. His health has greatly improved so that he thinks he can resume full work in the fall. We congratulate the Freedmen's Aid Society, and the students and friends of the University, on the continuance of Dr. Godman in the presidency."

Our good neighbor, the *Watchman*, a short time since, criticised somewhat sharply the grammar and rhetoric of Bishop Simpson's prayer at the opening of the Centennial Exhibition. Whether the errors may not have been partly or wholly typographical, may perhaps, be considered in connection with the Latin of our learned confere on the 5th page of the issue of the 6th instant.

The German Christians of the United States have been holding a Convention of the German Young Men's Christian Association, in Newark, N. J. They sent a telegram to the Centennial Commission expressing their gratitude for the closing of the Exhibition on Sunday. *Per contra*, a petition in favor of its being opened on that day was presented, signed by over 60,000 citizens of Philadelphia.

The New England Publishing Company, Boston, have issued, The Centennial Prize Drama entitled, Five Centuries, written by Miss Alice M. Guernsey. This fine school exercise embraces the wide sweep of events from 1492 to 1776. It deserves well for its fair and candid yet glowing author the promised laurel. We trust the laurel will not fade until another replaces it.

The Fourth of July in New York, of 1876, was remarkably exceptional in its freedom from fatal accidents, and from lawlessness and disorder. In one precinct fewer arrests were made than on any day for two weeks. One officer states, that Tuesday was the most orderly Fourth he had known for sixteen years.

We must insist upon having a responsible man attached to everything intended for insertion in our paper. We learn that an announcement of a marriage that has not taken place was improperly printed in our last issue. We have the manuscript which was sent us, and may be able to discover the impudent writer. In the hurry of a newspaper office a paper of the kind sometimes slips in.

The French Chamber of Deputies has voted 5,000,000 francs (\$1,000,000) to the construction of primary school-houses. The pensions of teachers have been increased. A delegation of primary school-teachers has been sent to Philadelphia, to the Centennial Exhibition, at a cost of 25,000 francs. These are specimens of the present enlightened policy of the Minister of Instruction.

N. Tibbals & Sons, New York, have published a new edition of the *Life and Labors of Mrs. Maggie N. Van Cott*, under the title of, *The Harvest and the Reaper*. The volume is a lively and appreciative record of a very active and very successful evangelical career. The subject of the volume is still making history of equally worthy character, and promises many more years of vigorous service.

Robert Carter & Brothers publish in a handsome tract the thoughtful and inspiring Baccalaureate discourse, delivered at the late Commencement of Princeton College. Its pregnant theme is, *The World: A Scene of Contest*.

The fifth number for August, of *The Record of the Year*, with a fine steel engraving of Commodore Vanderbilt is out, and is crowded with the incidents and thoughts of the busy and exciting month just passed. Published by G. W. Carlton & Co.

Mr. Moody having, while in New York, referred to the *Ledger* in not very complimentary terms, that paper retaliated by stating that he received for his few days' work in Savannah, \$1,500. The truth is, he received nothing at all, but labored at his own charge.

The Centennial Exhibition is meeting with a success beyond all expectation. Within the first forty days after its opening, twice as many persons visited it as did so at the Vienna Exposition in the same time. On one day recently there were nearly 60,000 paying visitors. The American Department makes a very satisfactory display.

If Presiding Elder Whitaker is not careful, he will overshadow his pastoral with his editorial reputation. His No. 4, *Disfranchisement* is spiritedly, instructively, full of local intelligence and arranged in excellent taste. The best argument for his office is a live occupant.

Some of the native Australian tribes comprise some of the most degraded specimens of the human race. But within a comparatively short period Moravian missionaries have been instrumental in effecting a remarkable change in their character and habits.

Many of our readers will recollect the colony of Maine and New Hampshire Adventists, numbering 250 persons, under the leadership of Adams, who, perhaps fifteen or twenty years ago, emigrated to Jaffa, in Palestine. Eight years ago the enterprise exploded, and there now remain but two or three men and some widows and children. Curiously enough, a son of a New Hampshire woman, a lad twelve or fourteen years of age, is preparing to be a guide and dragoon to travelers in Syria. He speaks English, French, German, Arabic, and Oriental Yankee.

Cornell College has created for herself a worthy monument by making one of her scholars and popular ministers a Doctor of Divinity. Dr. D. H. E. stands forth as her worthy representative.

Dr. Butler, our missionary superintendent in Mexico, preached on last Sabbath in Malden, Lynn and Chelsea, and raised about \$800 for his Mexican work. He made a singularly eloquent and magnetic address before the Preachers' Meeting on Monday, arousing an old-fashioned missionary enthusiasm. Brother King, late city missionary in Boston, subscribed a sufficient sum to republish in Spanish, Dr. Steele's "Lost Earthquake," and an additional subscription of three or four hundred dollars was raised.

We clip from an exchange the following: "Rev. H. R. Revels, D. D., has been elected President of Alcorn University, Mississippi, and has accepted the position."

LIFE OF GOV. HAYES.—Col. Cornwell's Biography of Gov. Hayes is already in a forward stage. Mr. B. B. Russell will issue it uniform with his other popular biographies. Mr. Cornwell visited Gov. Hayes at Columbus, and gathered from various sources abundant material for a thorough and complete life. The work will be handsomely illustrated by a fine steel engraving of Mr. Hayes, with pictures of his birthplace, his present home, and his future place of residence, the White House.

The New Hampshire Conference Seminary, at Tilton, is under new obligations to one of its liberal trustees, H. J. Adams, esq., Lowell, for a generous donation toward its proposed new endowment. This is not the first he has done, nor the last he will do, doubtless, for that worthy institution.

The National Christian Temperance Camp-meeting Association held their second annual meeting at Old Orchard Beach, from August 8th to 18th. Full preparation has been made to accommodate a large number, and an interesting programme has been arranged for the occasion. Fares have been reduced.

Our readers will notice the advertisement of the camp-meeting at Shelter Island, N. Y., commencing July 30. It promises to be a very interesting occasion.

Mrs. Penrose seemed to be gradually failing during last week, but revived slightly on Saturday.

#### Notes from the Churches.

MASSACHUSETTS.  
The regular Methodist ministers' meeting for Boston and vicinity, held on Monday, July 10, 1876, the following persons were appointed a committee to draft resolutions approving the action of the Centennial Commission in refusing to open the Exposition grounds on Sunday; said resolutions to be forwarded to the Commission, and published in *ZION'S HERALD* and *Christian Advocate*.

C. N. Smith, President, C. H. Hansford, Sec. pro tem, B. K. Peirce, D. D., W. F. Malan, D. D., S. L. Gracey, Committee.

The committee prepared and forwarded the following:—  
Resolved, 1. That we have heard with the greatest satisfaction of the recent action of the Centennial Commission by which the Exposition is to be closed upon the Sabbath day, and we hail this event as full of promise for the continued progress and prosperity of our country, which, in the days of its grandeur and wealth, as well as in the days of its feebleness and poverty, has recognized the right of the Sabbath of the Almighty over both men and nations.

That we hereby express our heartfelt gratitude to the thirty members of the Commission, who by voice and vote faithfully adhered to the defence of the Sabbath's observance, and we mention with special thanks and commendation the honorable names of those worthy sons and representatives of the Sabbath cause, Rev. R. Hawley, and Hon. Geo. B. Loring—who so largely contributed to the result in which we rejoice.

Hopkinton.—A revival in July—why not? God is very graciously pouring out His Spirit in Hopkinton. Fifteen persons have recently sought the Saviour, and more are to follow.  
E. S. CHASE.

At Falmouth, Mass., Sunday, July 9th, eleven were received from probation into full membership.

#### MAINE.

North Vienna.—July 9th was truly a good day to the Methodists in North Vienna. Brother W. F. Marshall baptized thirteen candidates—two by pouring and eleven by immersion—in at Crowell's Pond. This is one result of Brother J. R. Clifford's earnest labor at this place during the last Conference year. His former parishioners still hold him in affectionate remembrance, praying that he may be equally successful in his new field of labor, and feeling that they can do no better thing for him than that God will continue to give him "souls for his hire."

Brother Marshall is working zealously and in, together with his estimable lady, men beloved by the people of Mount Vernon and Vienna. The baptism is yet another white stone to mark the progress of the world heavenward. Brother Crockett, a former pastor, was present; and found many who had not forgotten him, but some—whose co-operation he once enjoyed—have gone home to be with Jesus. What a grand reunion there will be at when pastors and people meet never to say "farewell," but join in the psalm of praise to God and "crown Him Lord of all."  
V. ST. CLARE.

Items.—A case of suspended animation occurred recently in Norway. A little son of Mrs. Adelbert Brown was supposed to have died from measles, and preparations were made for robbing the body for the grave when the child showed signs of life, and consciousness was restored. He was comfortable the next day.

The June session of the Waterville Free Baptist quarterly meeting was held at West Waterville, June 21st and 22d. A good season was enjoyed. The next session will be held in Fairfield in September.

Forty-seven have been baptized by Brother Sanderson, pastor of the Methodist

Church in Waterville—fruits of the late revival. The society is prospering temporarily and spiritually.

The town of Sumner has a little child that has a remarkable ancestry. Fred Eugene Cushman, about eight months old, has living parents, four grandparents and two great-grandparents, nine uncles and aunts, forty great uncles and aunts, and twenty-seven great-great uncles and aunts. His youngest aunt is in her fourth year, and his oldest great aunt is in her eighty-ninth. He is a descendant of Robert Cushman who came over in the Mayflower, and lives in the house with four generations.

A Bethel apple-tree celebrated the Centennial year by putting forth a double white rose.

The small-pox has broken out again in Weld and Carthage. Some twelve or thirteen cases are reported. Weld, and forty in Carthage of recover a mild form.

The Union meeting-house in Phillips has been repaired, painted, and a balcony added which much improves its general appearance. The parish is improving.

Rev. Alexander Hill, pastor of the Free Baptist Church in West Fria, baptized four persons Sunday, July 23, and Rev. T. Hillman, pastor of the Methodist Church in Woodstock, baptized ten persons at North Paris, the same day.

Rev. A. H. Stetson, pastor of the Baptist Church in Sumner, baptized eight converts July 23, and the following Sabbath baptized one more and received eight into the Church in full fellowship.

Rev. J. F. Evelev, pastor of the Baptist Church at Livermore Falls, baptized three persons and gave them to right hand of fellowship, July 23. The Methodist Church there is now served by Brother Vivian. The parish is prospering under his efficient labors.

A copy of the Centennial number of the *Leveiston Evening Journal* has been presented on white silk to be framed and preserved for reproduction at the next Centennial. It is reported that *Leveiston* sent \$50,000 to the Centennial Fourth of July—a pretty large sum for noise and display. The *Leveiston Reform Club* have dug out a banner from their hall inscribed, "Leveiston Reform Club, Head-quarters, Temperance Hall, 1876." Rev. Mr. Wierber, pastor of the Main Street Church in Leveiston, baptized ten persons July 23, and received four into the Church.

Rev. Mr. Bolton, of the Park Street Methodist Church, baptized on the same day, Mr. Talbot, the veteran reamer, says that the Auburn Reform Club has saved 8,000 men from a life of intemperance through its missionary labors. Sunday evening, July 24, seven persons were received into the Elm Street Universalist Church in Auburn—three by letter, and four by profession.

Rev. Mr. Penny, pastor of the Free Baptist Church in Augusta, baptized seven converts, Sunday, July 23, and received eight into membership in the Church.

Mrs. Cyrus Washburn, of Hoot, a venerable lady, 90 years of age, fell out of a carriage on Monday, fell over a hill and received fatal injuries. She was a woman much respected.

Mr. James B. Perkins, of Bridgton, celebrated his 75th birthday, recently, by holding 1,400 bills of coin.

Mr. Daniel Frost, a much respected citizen of Harrison, died Monday evening 20th, aged 66 years.

A quarterly meeting of the Maine Industrial Schools Association was held at Hallowell, July 15th. The school is at overflowing, and the managers have added to make an appeal to the public for another school building, to afford them eared accommodations.

Lieutenant James E. Pter, one of the officers of Gen. Custer's command who fell in the Big Horn massacre was a son of Hon. Jeremy Porter, of Bangs, Maine. He graduated at West Point in the class of 1869. He was an officer of high promise, and was highly esteemed by who knew him. His death falls very heavy upon his bereaved family.

Rev. G. F. Cobb of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Biddeford, baptized seven persons the first Sabbath of this month. The Church is enjoying its unsurpassed prosperity. The communion season last Sabbath was unusually interesting.

The Methodist Episcopal Church in Chebeague Island is having an unusually good year under the labors of Brother J. P. Cole. Several have been baptized and reclaimed since Conference and five persons rose for prayers Sabbath evening, July 9th.

Rev. J. H. Trask, of York Methodist Episcopal Church, baptized six persons the first Sabbath of this month.

Rev. Mr. Givins, a local preacher connected with the N. W. Church, a prominent member of the Sagadahoc Methodist Episcopal Church, was buried from the class of 1869. He was an officer of high promise, and was highly esteemed by who knew him. His death falls very heavy upon his bereaved family.

Presiding and Sabbath-school services are held on the Orchard Beach camp ground regularly each Sabbath afternoon. Eighteen cottages have been built on the ground this season, and everything looks fair for large meetings on these grounds this season.

Rev. Mr. White, formerly of Sabbath, has accepted the call to the Free Baptist Church at Biddeford. He was welcomed to his new field Saturday evening July 8th, and preached to large congregations on the Sabbath.

One hundred and thirty children were received into the High School of Portland, from the several grammar schools of the city last week. 164 were examined.

Four infants were baptized by Rev. Mr. Gibbs, pastor of Congregational Universalist Church, Sunday, July 23, at the close of interesting Children's services. Children's Church is an established institution with this society.

Mr. James Ripley, a man aged 80 years, committed suicide at Bath, July 11th. He had attempted suicide before.

Mrs. Kavanagh of Bath has given \$50,000 to flush the convent, the foundation of which was laid on the Ciedral grounds in Portland, by Bishop Bale. Bishop Haley is arranging to erect building immediately.

The Baptist Church state Needock placed a fine toned bell, weighing 1,000 pounds in the steeple of its church edifice.

Rev. Mr. Riddell, of 8th Street Baptist Church, has been granted leave of absence from his Church, if the recovery of his health which has been very much impaired.

Rev. Mr. Worth, Baptist minister at Kennebunk, baptized three persons the second Sunday of this month, one of whom was his granddaughter. He remarked during the services that he had the privilege of witnessing the birth of members of five successive generations of his family, season was enjoyed. The next session will be held in the town of his grandfather.

Eleven persons were baptized by Rev. Mr. Harlow, July 9th, at St. Elizabeth.

Nine persons were received into the Free Baptist Church, Cape Elizabeth, Sunday, July 9th, by immersion.

Three persons united with the Congregational Church at York, the first Sabbath of this month.

Since the death of Rev. Brother Baxter of Saco, his widow has superintended the Sabbath-school which he organized, and which bears his name. The school is prospering and doing a good work in the city. This school is a better monument to the memory of Brother B. than marble shafts can be.

#### CONNECTICUT.

Norwalk District.—The preachers were recently well represented, and singing harmoniously with the people. Stafford Springs is highly gratified with its new Doctor, but thinks much more of the man than of the title. May his shadow never be less! This, however, is a doubtful compliment this meeting weather.

Brother Hammond has made a fine impression at Staffordville. He is encouraged with an increasing congregation. By the day-school. Brother Hunt has taken possession of the new and convenient parsonage in South Coventry. Omens of good are encouraging him. Brother James has, as usual, dropped at once into the affections of the people in Buraside, who realize something of the advantages of itinerancy, in so easily adjusting want and supply. Brother Preby is, as everywhere, so in Hockanum, pushing things. The trustees have unanimously voted to build a new church. Brother Griffin is stirring the people at South Glastenbury with earnest words for the Master. Rev. J. Lovejoy, after more than a half-century in the active ministry, has for more than a month been severely afflicted with sciatica. His pulpit has been kindly supplied mostly by local preachers in Norwalk. Brother Miller was briefly set aside from his labor by a cancer on his face. This has been drawn out by Dr. Kingsley, of Rome, N. Y., and Brother M. is at his post again.

Our Preachers' Meeting at Natick was one of the best ever held on the district. There were not so many preachers present as usual. The love-feast Wednesday evening was full of interest and devotion. By the day-school. The people were highly pleased with the opportunity to attend the exercises, and will heartily welcome the preachers for a similar purpose. The preachers voted to hold a meeting in Williamette in October. It was decided, also, to hold a district Sunday-school convention. Dr. Vincent has engaged to be present.

A small chapel at Tolland Depot will be dedicated (D. V.) in a few weeks. By the courtesy of G. W. Bentley, esq., superintendent of the N. L. N. R. R., the depot has been used for public worship over two years.

The executive committee will take charge of the boarding hall on the Williamette camp-ground. They mean to furnish the best board at fair prices.

#### NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Brookline.—The past few days have been a season of interest among the Methodist people in this place. Our excellent pastor, having a decided aversion for dilapidated fences, sent a cordial invitation to all those who would, to come and assist in building a new fence around the parsonage.

In response to our leader's call, last Friday twenty-five brethren met there, with hands ready, and hearts willing to work for the Lord. As an incentive to labor, they were promised the best dinner they ever had.

This gave the sisters a chance, and as they are never found in the rear when a good work is going on, they showed their willingness to help, by spreading before the workers a beautiful dinner. Not only one day but three were required to finish the work, and never weary in well-doing, they worked on, and Monday night our pastor's efforts were rewarded by seeing around his home a new picket fence, and another one adjoining the Church.

We feel while there is such an interest shown to beautify the outside surroundings, there is a deeper interest in the hearts of the people to build up the cause of Christ. The Conference year has been well begun, and we have every reason to believe that in due season the labors of pastor and people will be rewarded.

#### THE "Summer Queen"

Rev. Mark Trufon will preach at the Winslow House, Mt. Kearsarge, July 23. Gleanings.—Rev. A. E. Drew, of Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, Haverhill, had the misfortune to have a gold watch stolen from his state-room, a few weeks since, while on his way to the Centennial. The watch was a present from a former parish. A few evenings ago, members of his congregation met him at a surprise visit at his home, and presented him with a watch which was almost a fac-simile of the one stolen. Mr. R. H. Baker made the presentation, and was very happy in his remarks. Mr. Drew made a feeling and appropriate response. In this society there is perfect harmony and feeling, and the warmest attachment to the pastor.

July 9th, Rev. L. C. Field, of Concord, preached a Centennial sermon which has attracted no little notice. The Concord people, speak of it in terms of highest praise. Says the *Monitor*: "The discourse was an able one, comprehensive, logical, overflowing with ideas, and conclusive in their enforcement. It was delivered extemporaneously, yet displayed all the compactness of statement, closeness of argument, and concentration of thought of a written discourse." The text was, *Evangelists*, vii, 10.

Rev. A. B. Lunt, of Chichester, baptized 20 persons July 9th—13 by immersion and seven by sprinkling—and received two into the Church.

Rev. Charles W. Downes, of Lebanon, has received the appointment of State Superintendent of Public Instruction, and enters upon his work at once. Salary \$1,200.

Rev. S. L. Blake, of Concord, with his wife, has sailed for Europe, to be absent until October.

Eight persons were received into the Baptist Church of Hopkinton, July 9th, and ten into the Congregational. The following day, Bishop Niles confirmed four in the Episcopal Church.

Item.—W. S. Blake, an alumnus of Wesleyan University, is elected to the chair of Latin and Greek in the New Hampshire Conference Seminary.

#### RHODE ISLAND.

A telegram sent all over the country, dated Providence, June 27th, perhaps demands some notice. The announcement was that William Kinsley, a wool-sorter, shot and killed himself yesterday, after wounding his wife with a pistol shot. Kinsley was at one time a Methodist local preacher.

"It is true that the deceased was 'at one time a Methodist local preacher.' He was a native of the north of Ireland, and became a convert through the labors of the Primitive Methodists, whose Church he joined, and in which he became an acceptable local preacher. He came to America thirty years ago. His life here was one of

(Continued on 8th page.)

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## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Third Quarter.

Sunday, July 30.

Lesson V. 1 Kings viii, 22-30.

BY REV. W. E. HUNTINGTON.

SOLOMON'S PRAYER.

Prayer has little place in our philosophy; but to a living faith it is indispensable. We cannot always adjust it to God's system of natural law, but it always accords with the highest demands of our human nature. If religion is, as the word itself expresses, the binding of the soul back to God, prayer is the cord which forms the nexus. A true faith in an intelligent Deity is inconceivable if that faith cannot adore and supplicate. Prayer is to the soul what breathing is to the body. Our religion must have lungs. It must utter itself to the infinite heart of God; it must take deep inspirations from the limitless ocean of His love.

What a key prayer is to the boundless treasures of God's grace! The king on his throne may hold it, and also the child in its littleness. Prayer brings us all to the same level—upon our knees, at the lowly place of the mercy-seat. There are no limits drawn about this high, universal privilege but the wide boundaries of God's "loving-kindness and tender mercy." With redemption it is—"Whosoever will," and with the redeemed—"Whosoever ye ask, believing." Joy is sweeter when taken to God with thank-offerings. Sorrows lose their "gall of bitterness" as God's compassion and help are sought. The Bible teaches men to pray; no philosophy can make the world unlearn the ancient lesson. The men who have lived best have prayed most, like Elijah and Daniel. Prayer will make any time or any place sacred. Solomon's period was brilliant, and his work was monumental; but his prayers have lived longer than his temple stood. Common life is blest with a daily freshness, as it is taken up daily into our supplications. Let us hear the wise man pray.

And Solomon stood before the altar of the Lord. He mounted the brazen scaffold, a platform erected for the occasion, which stood in the middle of the court of the people, five cubits long, five cubits broad, and three cubits high.

Spread forth his hands toward heaven. It is to be inferred from verse 54 that the king knelt to offer the prayer which follows. He took the posture which dependence and supplication naturally suggest. His hands are outstretched towards heaven in a beseeching way to indicate that his heart was thrown open for the worship of the hour. He felt the majesty of the act which brought the multitude together. There is no pride in the heart of the king. With his newly built temple, and all his honors, he is not too great to pray. He does not delegate this religious service to priest or prophet, but as the representative head of the people he kneels before them to express to God a nation's gratitude and to offer a nation's petition.

Frequent allusions in the Scriptures show that the hands of the supplicant were used to express in part his desires. The Psalmist says "Hear my voice when I lift up my hands toward Thy holy oracle." "Lift up your hands in the sanctuary and bless the Lord." "Let my prayer be set forth . . . and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice." A heathen writer says, "All men, in praying, lift up their hands to heaven." The following passage from the *Book of the Prophet* is to the point:—"Ye lamps of heaven, he said, and lifted high."

His hands, now free, then venerable sky, Invisible powers! Lord God of Israel, there is no God like Thee. We must recollect in looking at this clause of Solomon's prayer, that the Jews were familiar with idolatrous and polytheistic ideas of Deity. For the gentle nations with which they had come in contact recognized "gods many." The first thought which impresses the king as he lifts his heart to God is that He is of incomparable majesty, infinitely beyond the gods of the heathen. A primal necessity in prayer is to have a true conception of the character of God. The prayer will be colored by the ideal formed.

Who keepeth covenant. He not only makes promises, but fulfills them. He is true. His laws in nature are not variable; so are His love and truth unswerving. The trust of an entire race is built upon this attribute of God—His infinite truth.

And mercy with Thy servants, etc. He put into the decalogue the promise of "mercy unto thousands of them that love Me and keep My commandments." Common mercies, the sun and rain and fruits of the earth, are sent to the just and to the unjust alike; but God cannot bestow the richest gifts of His love and grace to any but those who "walk before Him with all their heart."

Thou speakest also with Thy mouth. David recognized the communication of a divine promise. God spoke to him. Solomon understood that covenant. He was included in the compact made between Jehovah and his father.

And hast fulfilled it with Thine hand. This is a part of Solomon's adoration. He recognizes in his public prayer the faithfulness of God. God's hand had reared the temple; for His blessings had crowned the labor; He had made the silver and gold, the fir trees and the cedars of Lebanon. His power was seen in the glory of the temple.

There shall not fail thee a man, etc. Solomon acknowledges the fulfillment of certain promises of God to David; now, encouraged by God's faithfulness he urges that another promise respecting the throne shall also be fulfilled. "Thine house and thy kingdom shall be established forever before thee; thy throne shall be established forever" (2 Sam. vii, 16).

So that thy children take heed to their way. This is the condition that the promise includes. If the royal house should become corrupt, the covenant would be annulled. If the children do not walk in the way of uprightness, the scepter would pass from their inheritance.

Will God indeed dwell on earth? Solomon's mind is filled with reverence. The earth seems too small for Jehovah's dwelling-place. It is not the expression of a doubt whether He will or not, for the king was at the moment conscious of God's presence, but of astonishment that God would condescend to come to dwell on earth.

The heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain Thee. God is greater than all His works. The glories of a midnight sky overwhelm us, as we try to conceive of innumerable systems of worlds. Astronomy, with its telescopes and calculations, astonishes us with the immensity of discovered space; yet imagination starts from the outmost limit which any lens has reached, traverses the unfathomable depths, and asks, overawed by an infinity of worlds, did the man in Richter's vision, who was borne through space by an angel—"Is there no end?" The angel of God's omnipotence answers, "There is no end; and likewise there is no beginning." Great as the conception of God's creation becomes to us, the Christian consciousness takes up the thought of Solomon, and affirms that God is mightier than all that He has made.

How much less this house. Solomon reveals the greatness of his mind in thus looking away from the temple, which was in a large measure the product of his own power, to something more majestic. The large conception he had of God's greatness gave his love for the temple its proper limits. Men grow proud and egotistic because their ideas are narrow, and the objects of their love and admiration are not well balanced. God's glory was supreme in Solomon's eyes, so that the radiance of the gilded temple did not dazzle him, and make him the less reverent.

Yet have Thou respect, etc. The king believes it is not incompatible that though God be so great He shall yet listen to this prayer. These two thoughts fill the Bible—that God is infinitely great, and also infinitely condescending.

That Thine eyes be open towards this house night and day. David had already said that Israel's Watcher never slumbers nor sleeps, and the psalmist's son prays that the sleepless eyes of Jehovah may always be upon His people, that He may see the worshippers who shall come thither, and recognize the offerings from devout hearts.

My name shall be there. This is what Jehovah had said of the house, before it was built. His "name" that is, His power, His presence, His manifestations of favor would be resident there. The king pleads a fulfillment of this promise.

Hearken Thou. And he asks that the petitions both of himself and of his nation shall be heard, as they ascend from the altar which God Himself had so honored.

When they shall pray toward this place. So much did this petition mean to the Jews, that afterwards the devout supplicant, wherever he might be, turned his face, while praying, towards Jerusalem and its beloved temple. So we find the intrepid Daniel, when in the splendor and corruption of Babylon, in defiance of the king's unrighteous command, praying with his window open towards Jerusalem. The scrupulous Mohammedan never fails to turn his face towards Mecca whenever the muezzin from the minaret of the mosque calls to prayer; for the most holy temple of their faith stands there—the Kaaba, containing the sacred "black stone," which the angel, according to their traditions, brought from heaven.

Hear Thou in heaven, etc. Far above all temples we conceive God's dwelling-place to be, and yet His throne, exalted as it may be, is accessible to our prayers.

And when Thou hearest forgive. A petition for forgiveness enters into this sublime prayer of Solomon, as it did into the matchless prayer taught the world by a greater than Solomon. The deepest need of the human heart is to know that its sins are forgiven by Him who alone can blot them out.

## ZION'S HERALD QUESTIONS.

From the Notes.

Berean Lesson Series, July 30.

- 1 Where did Solomon offer this prayer of consecration?
- 2 What attitude did he assume as he prayed?
- 3 What gave him confidence to ask for renewed blessings?
- 4 Did the king have adequate views of God's majesty?
- 5 How much did God's promise mean, that His name should be in the temple?
- 6 What lesson are we taught by the fact that the Jews prayed, with their faces turned towards Jerusalem?
- 7 What important petition does Solomon use that occurs in our Lord's prayer?

## THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL SYSTEM.

BY REV. JESSE LYMAN HURLBUT, A. M.

FIRST PAPER.

THE HISTORY.

The Sunday-school of the present is a very different institution from that of the past. In the rank which it holds, and the sphere wherein it labors; in the character of its workers and the quality of its work; in the aim for which it strives, and the methods which it employs, there is hardly a

feature in common between the Sunday-school of twenty-five years ago, and that of our day. But among the many points of difference between the old and the new Sunday-school, the greatest lies in the fact that whereas, formerly, every class, and often every scholar, chose an individual lesson, wandering at will over Bible, or catechism, or the question-book, now, every class, in nearly every Sunday-school, among all the Protestant Churches over the whole world, unite in the simultaneous study of one chosen portion of the Holy Book, so that the eyes of nearly all Christendom are turned at once upon the same page of inspiration. This constitutes what is known as the *International Lesson System*, the distinguishing characteristic and the chief glory of the modern Sunday-school.

It will be interesting to recapitulate, briefly, the history of this International Lesson movement. Its foundation-stone was laid by Rev. John H. Vincent, D. D., who issued in January, 1866—only ten years ago—the first monthly number of the *Chicago Sunday-school Teacher*. There had been individual schools with a uniform lesson before; but then, for the first time, was suggested a definite plan of simultaneous lesson-study in all the schools of a district. A scheme of lessons, entitled "Two Years with Jesus," was set forth. It is remarkable to notice how much of the present system was foreshadowed in this, the first lesson-plan. There was a "Lesson-Leaf," "Golden Text," "Home Readings," "Notes for Teachers," and, indeed, almost every element now combining to form the lesson-machinery. This course of lessons was introduced into nearly all the Sunday-schools of Chicago, and spread rapidly over a large portion of the northwest.

After a few months, Dr. Vincent removed to New York, and connected himself with the Sunday-school department of the Methodist Episcopal Church. On January 1, 1867, he instituted the lesson-plan afterward known as the Berean Series, with substantially the same methods as the Chicago lessons. He urged a simultaneous lesson, that is, the study of the same selection of Scripture in different places on the same Sunday, for all the schools of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and a large number, increasing every month, adopted his series. The plan of lessons published serially, thus commenced by Dr. Vincent, was soon caught up by others, and within a year or two there were quite a number of series of lessons in course of publication, as the "National," "Berean," "Westminster," and others; some under the auspices of denominational houses, others prepared by union associations, still others, by private parties.

The question now began to be asked, "Why cannot all these different series be merged into one set of selections from Scripture, which shall be studied in all the Sunday-schools of the United States?" This idea, which has led to such great results in the land and in the world, had taken root in many leading minds, but was first openly suggested and urged by Mr. B. F. Jacobs, of Chicago, a Baptist layman and superintendent, to whom, more than to any other one person, belongs the honor of originating a national, uniform system of lessons. He began in 1867 to agitate the plan, at home, in conventions, with tongue and pen, and with indomitable energy and tireless zeal. He urged that the publishers of lesson notes should unite in their selections of Scripture, on which each might prepare his own expositions and plans of working.

The great difficulty in the way of uniformity was found in the fact that each publishing house clung to its own scheme of lessons, and was unwilling to submit to the others. Especially the *Sunday-school Teacher* of Chicago, then edited by Rev. Edward Eggleston, refused to enter into any arrangement, or even to meet in any Conference, unless all were prepared to adopt its series of lessons. Various attempts were made by Mr. Jacobs, by Dr. Vincent and others, to obtain united action, but at every effort, the *Sunday-school Teacher* stood as a rock in the way, saying, "No uniformity, except on the basis of our lessons." In 1869, Dr. Vincent, despairing of ever accomplishing unity in America, turned toward other lands, and entered into correspondence with leading Sunday-school workers in England and Scotland, proposing a series of lessons, to be international, and suggesting that it might be under the direction of the Evangelical Alliance.

In June, 1870, when the time came to select the lessons of the Berean Series for the following year, another attempt at concerted action was made by Dr. Vincent. A circular was sent to all publishers and others interested in preparing Sunday-school lessons, requesting a conference on the subject of a uniform lesson. A few responded by letter, and about half a dozen representative men met in an informal way to discuss the general question. But progress was again blocked by a letter from the office of the *Sunday-school Teacher*, refusing to enter into any arrangement, but offering its own series as (in the words of the publishers) "the only way in which uniformity can be secured."

Everybody except B. F. Jacobs gave up the hope of immediate uniformity. But with undiminished ardor, he went among the publishers, talked to them individually, won them over, one at a time, and finally, on August 28, 1871, got together, in New York, twenty-nine of them, in person or by representative.

A vote of twenty-six to three was obtained in favor of a "provisional uniformity" for one year as an experiment, and a committee was appointed to select the lessons for 1872. The committee met, found such differences of opinion as appeared irreconcilable; voted to drop the whole subject for a year; adjourned and separated, publishing the whole effort as a failure. Mr. Jacobs heard of it the next day, telegraphed to some, hunted up others, brought a majority together, and at last induced them to unite in a plan of lessons for 1872. But some of those concerned in it were by no means in its favor, and the prospect of its general adoption was faint; fainter still the prospect of a union so unwillingly entered upon, lasting more than a single year.

On April 17th, 1872, the National Sunday-school Convention, representing all denominations and the whole country, was held at Indianapolis. Jacobs was on hand with resolutions, pledging the Sunday-schools of all sections to uniformity. A great debate took place, but a tremendous, even thrilling, enthusiasm for union overpowered the contention, and in the end the vote was almost solid for the uniform lesson. A committee of ten members, carefully framed to represent the leading denominations and the publishing houses, with Dr. Vincent as a chairman, was chosen to select a course of lessons, instructed to cover the Bible in seven years, giving six months of each year to the Old and New Testaments in alternation. The scheme of lessons for the first year, from Genesis and Matthew, was soon after announced, and on the first of January, 1873, the bark of uniform lessons was fairly launched, and began its voyage around the world.

If the perseverance of B. F. Jacobs gave us our uniform national lessons, the energy of John H. Vincent has made them international. He had been in correspondence with Sunday-school workers abroad since 1869, and in 1873, immediately after the Indianapolis convention, started for Europe, to plead in person for the new lesson-system. He made addresses in its behalf in London, Liverpool, Leeds, Edinburgh, Dublin, and many other places throughout the United Kingdom, introducing the plan to the notice of the nations across the seas. By his influence, the London Sunday-school Union, the leading organization of Great Britain, fell into line with the lessons in 1874, thus giving them firm foothold in Europe.

Four years and a half have gone by since the experiment of uniform lessons was begun, and already those who have joined in the movement may be counted among the millions, perhaps even up to a ten million. The system is in general acceptance throughout the United States and Canada, in the Protestant missions of Mexico and South America, in Great Britain and Ireland, in many places throughout Germany, Sweden and France, and, afar in the distant empires of India, China and Japan. As the Sabbath sun circles the globe, it lights up an endless chain of Sunday-schools, and looks down upon almost countless Bibles opened to the same golden truths, and upon almost numberless multitudes reverently engaged together in studying them.

## The Family.

## ON THE EDISTO.

BY L. S. TAYLOR.

Like a spirit creeps the river  
Through the cypress and the gloom,  
Followed by gray forms, that ever  
Beckon to their shadowy doom.

Hushed and dark the gliding waters,  
Dreaming lands the silent pine,  
Twilight mists, gray and sombre,  
Cypress and gnarled oak entwined.

From among the shadows brooding  
On the silent flood below,  
Like pale ghosts the barren tree-trunks  
Spring up clad in robes of snow.

Long, black lines of climbing creeper  
Blacker lines make on the wave;  
Through the green roof of the branches  
Sinks a supple to its grave.

Sinks and leaves a fading glimmer,  
Faded, weak, among the glooms,  
Where the meadow and tree-tops  
With the swamp-fowl make their homes.

In a fairy world we wander,  
Strange as any fever-dream—  
Overhead, the silent tree-tops,  
Underneath, that gliding stream.

Either hand the dreary swamp-land,  
Stretching dim and dark away,  
Never touched by kiss of Heaven,  
Hidden from the eye of day.

Not a bird-note breaks the stillness,  
Like a chamber of the soul  
Haunted by gray forms of shadow,  
O'er the darksome river's roll.

## LILY LEE.

BY MRS. W. V. MORRISON.

Had you looked in the kitchen of Mrs. Lee one summer morning, you might have seen a young lady with a very dejected air and tear-stained face engaged in the most discouraging part of house-keeping, washing dishes. The door-bell rang. After wiping her hands and rolling down her sleeves, she went to answer his summons with something of the resignation of a martyr.

There stood Mrs. Taylor, an elderly lady from a neighboring village, who had come to do a little shopping, and as the team reached P— at an early hour, had decided to make a call upon the daughter of her old friend.

"My dear child," began Mrs. Taylor, "I know it is early to receive calls, but I thought you would not mind an

old friend like myself coming at any hour."

"Come right in," said Mrs. Lee. "I am glad to see you if my face did not at first give you that impression. Now take off your things and make yourself comfortable. Here," she continued, "is the last number of the *Repository*, or will you take the morning paper? Please excuse me a few moments. I am not quite through in the kitchen."

Mrs. Taylor sat down, and the thought came into her mind, Lily does not seem quite natural; I wonder what troubles her. Now Mrs. Taylor's kind heart always prompted her to find out the cause, and try to help wherever she suspected trouble. So she sat holding the paper and pretending to read, but her thoughts were with Mrs. Lee in the kitchen.

When that lady again made her appearance in the sitting-room, Mrs. T. said, "Lily dear, does house-keeping come easy to you?"

Mrs. Lee tried to smile, but failed utterly, and bursting into tears, said, "O Mrs. Taylor, I ought never to have married. I don't know how to do anything as it ought to be done, and I get so tired I am cross. I know Charles is vexed and mortified whenever we have company."

"I hope not," said her friend, interrupting her. "You are too sensitive, my dear. I think Charles has too much sense to expect you to cook as well as his mother, who has had so many years experience in house-keeping."

"I don't mean to complain about my husband," sobbed Mrs. Lee, "but when I am trying to do my best; things happen so contrary. If I make cake it is sure to be solid from top to bottom, or burnt to a coal. If I look at it to turn it round when it is baking, down it goes; and if I do not, it burns up, and my bread is enough to give one the dyspepsia."

"There, now," said Mrs. Taylor, smiling. "I am tempted to give you a little of my experience."

"What! you, Mrs. Taylor? You, a pattern housekeeper? Why, I supposed you knew all about it before you were married, or that you had such superior wisdom and judgment that nothing ever went wrong with you."

"My dear child, let me tell you. Before I was married I taught school for years, for I was not married as young as you were. I thought of becoming a missionary, and very little of marrying until I saw Mr. Taylor. He changed my mind. I am his second wife as you know, and my husband knew what it was to keep house with an excellent housekeeper. She was very social, too, and everybody loved her, so they had a great deal of company."

"Well, one day when we had not been married many weeks, I remember I had been trying my hand at baking. The cake was just passable, but the bread was a total failure, and I was deep in the problem of what could be done with it, when my husband came home from the post-office with a letter in his hand. 'Here, Lucy,' said he, 'here is a letter from my old friend E—. He says he and his wife are going to Boston, and will be here to-morrow, and stay over night with us. Who cares for his brown-stone front and regiment of servants! He shall see that we are just as happy in our little cottage. You can be ready for them by that time, can't you?' he asked."

"'When is he coming?'"

"'To-morrow,' said my husband; but my eye caught the date, and I exclaimed, 'This was written the day before yesterday, and they will be here to-day.'"

"My husband took up the letter and said, 'Well, let them come, we are ready now.'"

"Oh, no," said I, 'the bread is not fit to eat, and you must go to the bakery this very minute, before they get here.'"

"I had barely time to arrange a bouquet or two, and make myself presentable, before they came. I felt that an important event in my life had occurred, and I must be equal to the emergency."

"They admired my paintings, and we sang together and talked on various subjects, and if we had not been obliged to eat, everything might have passed off delightfully. But supper-time came. It actually began to grow dark before I had it quite ready; so I took a large lamp down from the shelf, put it on the table, and turned around to get a match; but the lamp was near the edge of the table, and I was in haste to light it. I turned quickly, and my dress caught in the table-cloth, pulling the lamp off, breaking it, and spilling the oil (for we used oil in those days), which spread over a large place in the carpet before I could stop it. I cleaned it up the best I could, and we sat down to supper, but my appetite was gone."

"After tea I thought I would carry an old and valuable wash-bowl and pitcher of which I was very choice into the room they were to occupy, and to save myself a few extra steps, I took the pitcher filled with water. I threw some towels over my arm, and started upstairs with both hands full. I could not hold up my dress, and just before I got to the top my foot slipped. I could not put out my hand to save myself, so down I went breaking the bowl and pitcher, and spilling the water all over me. I went to the bottom of the stairs bumping and scratching myself all the way down, and I made such a noise as I fell, that my husband and his friends came rushing out of the parlor to see what had happened."

"My wrist was sprained, and I was completely 'demoralized.' I went to bed and cried half the night. I thought my reputation was gone forever, and

that my husband would be an object of pity to his friends for the rest of his life."

"O Mrs. Taylor, how ludicrous!" said Mrs. Lee, laughing heartily. "I do believe that was worse than anything which has befallen me."

"Well, then, my dear, keep up good courage. I know you will come out all right. That was only one of my many trials when I began, but I lived through them all, and now I can say, I think without boasting, that I can bake, pickle, stew and roast equal to most house-keepers."

"Your friends?" suggested Mrs. Lee.

"I did not see them for years, and when I learned they were coming this way again, I got my husband to write them to come and make a visit. I will own my principal reason for doing so was to let them see I could keep house. I think they enjoyed their second visit, and I know I did, for I did not try to overdo, and so everything went on pleasantly. But I must go now," said Mrs. Taylor, rising.

"Come again," said Mrs. Lee; "your stay has done me a world of good. Charles will laugh, I know, when he hears it."

## WAITING AND WATCHING FOR ME.

When my final farewell to the world I have said,  
And gladly lie down to my rest;  
When softly the watchers shall say, "He is dead,"

And fold my pale hands o'er my breast;  
And when, with my glorified vision, at last  
The walls of that City, I see,  
Will any one then, at the beautiful gate,  
Be waiting and watching for me?

There are little ones gazing about in my path,  
In want of a friend and a guide;  
There are dear little eyes looking up into mine,

Whose tears might be easily dried.  
But Jesus may beckon the children away  
In the midst of their grief and their gloom—  
Will any of them, at the beautiful gate,  
Be waiting and watching for me?

There are old and forsaken who linger awhile,  
In homes which their dearest have left;  
And a few gentle words or an action of love  
May cheer their sad spirits bereft.  
But the Reaper is near to the long-standing corn,  
The weary will soon be set free—  
Will any of them, at the beautiful gate,  
Be waiting and watching for me?

Oh, should I be brought there by the bountiful grace  
Of Him who delights to forgive,  
Though I bless not the weary about in my path,  
Pray only for self while I live,—  
Methinks I should mourn o'er my sinful neglect,  
If sorrow in heaven can be,  
Should no one I love, at the beautiful gate,  
Be waiting and watching for me!

—Selected.

## FOR THE YOUNGEST READERS.

## RED-HAIRED MOLLY.

BY AUNT LOTTIE.

"Oh, dear! why wasn't I born handsome?" said Mary, half laughing, half sighing, as she stood at the glass one morning, arranging her neck-tie. "If my red hair was only straight, instead of curling in such tight, bobby curls," she continued, giving one of the curls a spiteful twitch. "I declare, I have a good mind to dip my head into a dye-pot, but then that wouldn't help the freckles, or make my mouth any smaller," and she laughed at the idea, she displayed a set of teeth in the large mouth which one might envy, they were so white and even. "As for my nose, now, cousin Kate says it neither turns up nor down, but looks as if it had stopped all of a sudden, and didn't know which way to turn."

"Well, the Apostle says, 'Be content with such things as ye have,' so I suppose I must. In fact, I should be perfectly contented with less than I have, especially freckles and red curls."

"Come, Mollie," called her mother, "dress the baby, and bring him down stairs."

"Yes, mother," was the answer in a clear, happy voice.

Baby was soon dressed, and Mollie danced with him into the breakfast-room, and took care of him at the table.

Papa called Mollie his "right hand man." To her mother she was one of the sweetest-tempered, and dearest little helpers in the world, in spite of the red hair, big mouth and freckles.

All the girls liked Mollie, she was so good-natured and obliging, and then she was one of the smartest scholars in the school. So what Mollie lacked in beauty, she made up in goodness. She was not so very unfortunate after all, was she, girls?

## CHICKADEE.

BY E. S. DEANE.

Every day through the winter months little chickadee came to a certain window to make his breakfast of the bread-crumbs which the good housekeeper scattered on the sill for his especial benefit. Sometimes when he gave a call, another birdie joined him, and kind eyes watched the two little creatures as they busily picked up their food, and

a heavy heart was often lightened by their cheery notes.

One night a fall of sleet covered the crumbs, and the cold fastened down the window so that no more could be spread for the daily visitor. The housekeeper hoped he would not come that day, but at his usual time he appeared, looking for his daily feast, and she expected to see him go away hungry and disappointed.

But cheerful little chickadee could see that his crumbs were there, and he knew how to get them; so down he hopped to the window-sill, and, resting his warm breast on the ice that covered it, waited until it was thawed. Then he pecked away till he was satisfied; and singing, "chickadee, chickadee," for thanks, he flew away.

## NOT ANYTHING PERFECT.

He who boasts of being perfect is perfect in folly. I have been a good deal up and down in the world, and I never did see either a perfect horse or a perfect man, and I never shall until two Sundays come together. The old saying is, "Lifeless, faultless." Of dead men we should say nothing but good, but as for the living, they are all tarred more or less with the black brush, and half an eye can see it. Every head has its black spot. Every rose has its prickles, and every day its night. Even the sun shows spots, and the skies are darkened with clouds. Nobody is so wise but he has folly enough to stock a stall at Vanity Fair. Where I could not see the fool's cap, I have, nevertheless, heard the bells jingle. As there is no sunshine without some shadow, so is all human good mixed up with more or less evil; even poor-law guardians have their little failings, and parish beadles are not wholly of heavenly nature. The best wine has its lees. All men's faults are not written on their foreheads, and it is quite as well they are not, or hats would need wide brims; yet as sure as eggs are eggs, faults of some sort nestle in every man's bosom. — *Exchange*.

## A DYING CHILD'S PRAYER.

The following touching incident, which is vouched for by the man who sends it, has more than once been paralleled. This little girl knew where to carry her case, and others who are wrestling for the salvation of loved ones from the grasp of the demon of intemperance must go to the same all-loving, all-powerful Helper, if they would succeed. We condense from our correspondent's letter:—

In the eastern part of this city a little girl of ten summers, being allowed to go out of doors before she had entirely recovered from the measles, contracted a severe cold, which brought on a disease from the effects of which she died in a few days.

During her brief illness she expressed a deep concern for her father. He had often come home intoxicated, and his conduct had made a deep impression upon her heart. She knew how sorrowful the heart of her mother was, and could not endure the thought of its being again wounded through the same cause.

One day, when very ill, her father came to her bedside and looked sadly into the face of his dying child. She endeavored to reach up her little hands to his face, and said, "O, papa, will you drink any more?"

The father turned away, heart-smitten, and sat down on a chair in another part of the room.

A few moments later the mother came in, and going to the bed, saw the hands of her little girl up, and her eyes filled with tears.

"What are you crying about, my dear child?" said the mother.

"I am just praying to the Lord that papa won't drink any more," said the little dying child, and her eyes filled afresh with tears, as her little hands and heart were lifted up to God in prayer.

A few hours later, and the little hands lay crossed upon her bosom in the peaceful quiet of death, and the gentle spirit that had lead in tearful supplication, was with Him who hears and answers prayer.

Surely the







